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Poetry.

For the Blade.

LIFE'S GAME OF BLUFF.

In poker the player who places his pile
On a pair, or on nothing, will open enough,
Pick up the pot, and the fellow the while,
In the parlance of poker is playing a bluff.
You've noticed, perchance, that the same risky game,
Is played every day in the contest of life,
'Tis the bluffer that ever bids highest for fame,
'Tis the bluffer that wins every time in the strife.

How often we see 'neath the clergyman's coat,
Some vagabond, knave, or a rascal at war
With virtue and worth? How often we note
The criminal pleading for crime at the bar
Of justice? But, there! Sure the story is old,
And merit and virtue are all well enough,
It matters but little what hand you may hold,
When the fool and the fraud takes the trick on a bluff.

But kindness is high, let them say what they will,
And wins in the end, and not wholly bereft
Of the blessings of life are the weak ones who still
Possess the great card, and, although they get left
In the fight for first prizes, 'tis something to know
That though virtue, like bonnets, may go out of style,
It is better than gold, and the bluff does not go
When death swoops down and rakes in the pile.

M.

BLEAK DAYS.

The wild November comes at last,
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night-wind blows its folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race she takes
The autumn's vacant throne!
She has but one short moon to live,
And she must live alone.

A barren realm of withered fields,
Bleak woods of fallen leaves,
The palest morn that ever dawned,
The dreariest of eves.

It is no wonder that she comes,
Poor mouth! with tears of pain;
For what can one so hopeless do
But weep, and weep again?

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

THE WINTER GIRL GROWING.

The summer girl! Oh! where is she,
The sweet, the rare, the radiant maid?
Gone; but he form we'll shortly see
In glossy sealskin robes arrayed.

And when the snow begins to whirl,
And eddy in the opulent air,
She'll blossom out a winter girl,
As fascinating and as fair.

She draws us, sways us as she wills,
She smiles, and to her side we fly;
We'll run up livery-stabled bills
To take her sleighing bye-and-bye.

—*Boston Courier.*

Our Story Teller.

SQUIRRELSKIN SMITH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY STEPHEN W. BOLLES.

Written for THE BLADE.

I BELIEVE everybody about Peyton Wells's hated old Squirrelskin Smith. Nobody, even in that region of western hospitality and largeness of heart, had a word to say to him which even bordered on kindness. Perhaps he was to blame for it, but we were all sorry for it afterwards, even though his ways were not such as were calculated to make the rough pioneers in the Dorecootia wilderness love or respect him.

He had been there about five years. There was a vague rumor afloat, but it had no particular foundation and lacked Smith's indorsement, that he had first dropped into the neighborhood of Peyton Wells's during a search for a son. There was a mystery about him; there must have been, for no man could live as he did in a small community without being the hero of stories set afloat by rumor and conjecture. His home was half way up the side of Peyton Wells's rock in a small cave, over the front of which the old man had built a sort of porch or shed to keep out the wind and driving rain.

Although the bones of Peyton Wells were mouldering in the small burying-ground among the jack pines, the high bluff towering above the forest about it, its base rising from the very edge of the Wisconsin river, its sides but barren rock, except here and there where a small, scrubby pine had taken root; its ridge like the peak of a gable-roofed house, surmounted in places by huge, moss-covered boulders, which sat on the narrow foundation as if only waiting to be pushed and go thundering down the side of the rock, and fall with a great splash into the river; this was Peyton Wells's monument, and to this day keeps his memory green, though the ferry he once owned gave way ten years ago to a bridge.

And half way up the rock, on the river side, lived "Squirrelskin" Smith.

I think Primley gave him his name. Primley was the successor to Peyton Wells as ferryman. There were some hard stories told about him, but as long as he was a jolly, good-natured fellow nobody had anything to say, and besides, Smith was a sufficient subject for conjecture and romancing, without going into the details of the life of such a distinguished fellow citizen as Alonzo Primley, and as for naming Smith, it must have come naturally in time. His dress, his coat, leggings, cap and moccasins were made of squirrelskins, sewed together by his own hands with such extreme care that the seams only showed where different colored furs were joined together. He had not always dressed this way. Primley said that when the old man came his clothes were slightly ragged but had been of the best material.

By squirrel-hunting, doing odd jobs, now and then catching a mess of fish for some farmer this strange man eked out a precarious existence in that region where nearly every one was poor at all times.

In the winter he seemed always to be on the verge of starvation and looked haggard and hungry. But when in the spring the water came surging down from the far north; when the banks of the river filled from side to side with great fleets of ice, crunching and grinding each other so loudly that no one could sleep, stopping the use of the ferry for two and sometimes three weeks; the ice always followed by millions of feet of logs which came driving and crashing in the same way, but manned by reckless, daring men in red and blue Mackinaw suits, and heavy spiked boots; then the old man changed.

It was the log drive which always brought "Squirrel-Skin" Smith out of his cave and put the animation into his face. He always wore a look of disappointment when after scanning the faces of the men who rode so like demons, he would shake his head sadly and turn away. Once, only once, and that was the last drive he saw, his face was suddenly lit up at the sight of a stalwart man who leaped and ran over the logs until everyone held his breath, so reckless was he. Then to the amazement of the few men at the ferry, Smith had rushed down the river-bank, crying to the blue-shirted driver, only to be answered by a wave of the pike, and a cry which was not recognition, as the head of the fleet of logs was swirled around a sharp bend just below Peyton Wells's rock.

The old man could go no further, and he stood on the bank watching the fast disappearing figure. He grasped a sapling for support, cursing and swearing at the daring driver; calling on God to witness that he would find him and *her*. "And then! and then," he screamed, "by the Eternal God, we shall see if you will mock me!"

"Crazy," said Primley that night.

"As a hed-bug," added the constable from his seat on a coil of rope.

"Went into a regular fit down by the pint. Had spasms, sorter, fell down an' tore up the dead grass just like a mad cat," said the ferryman's assistant.

"I reckon old Squirrelskin ain't goin' to live long on this earth. I wonder at him existin' so such a time in that hole. But he's failin' off, yes he is failin' off, an' some day we will have to put him in a box and tote him to a hole in the ground. He won't see another log-drive in this world," said Primley.

They had not seen him for a week. He did not come out to look at any more of the drives, and through the spring fog which rose from the river and enveloped Peyton Wells's rock like a heavy grey garment, the door into the cave was invisible. The river was very high, and hard to cross. Primley had not been over for four days. It might be that the old man was starving, perhaps dying, in that damp chamber, in the sandstone. Already the green mould might have covered his face. The fog might have overtaken him again in that silent tomb, and his dwelling place for so long became his sepulchre for eternity. For had he died there I think they would have rolled a stone to the door and left him in peace.

The men spoke of it very frequently as they gathered at the ferry-house. They would go and see to-morrow. The fog was lifting, the door of the cave was dimly visible from the opposite bank, but there was no smoke curling up as there always had been, day and night, in the past. The men looked at each other almost shamefacedly.

O, that if he had been poor and old, and curious to them! What if he were always gruff and ugly to everyone but the few children! What if he had never been sociable! They were young and stout; he was old and dying, perhaps dead; dead in that horrible, damp vault in the rock.

They shuddered. Perhaps he had starved to death and they had been so near all this time.

They would go and see him at once.

No one said this, but the half-dozen men turned and went to the ferry without a word.

The logs were crushing and jamming each other, leaping half way out of the water at times, and then diving like a mad whale, beating the surface of the river into a seething foam.

"What are you going to do?" cried Primley, as he saw the men pulling down the bateaux.

"Going to the rock, and find out about old 'Squirrel-skin,'" was the reply of one, as they shoved the boat down to the river.

"Great God! you're mad! For an old man, too!" He suddenly changed his tune. "I hope, I hope he is—dead," he whispered to himself. "Wait, I will go," he finished aloud.

He threw off his heavy coat and stepped into the bateaux. Three more went with him. Primley stood in the bow with a pike pole in his hands to push off the dangerous logs. The flat-boat fairly jumped out into the water. The men on shore felt better as they saw them half way across. Then they gave a startled cry.

One of the logs came dancing toward them. Primley gave a lunge with his pike. Just at that moment another log struck the bateaux's stern. They saw the ferryman stagger forward, struggle to save himself, the others try to clutch him, but too late! He was in the water with a fearful scream. The bateaux was overturned and the four men were fighting for their lives. They could never forget the look on Primley's face as he came up the second time. They saw how he caught at a passing log and choking and strangling, leaped upon it, only to see it roll over, another log strike him, a little reddening of the foam appear, and then to find his body the next day with his head crushed out of all human semblance.

The others, clinging to the overturned bateaux, were drawn out at the bend.

"The old man is a devil," hissed Primley's mother, a feeble old woman, who sat by the fire, moaning and swaying to and fro with her grief. "He is a devil. His eye is bad. He is not dead, but has kept silent to bring men to death."

But then she believed in witches and ghosts, and was old and childish. She did not realize what she was speaking, though Primley himself had said Smith's eye was that of the Evil One.

The fog had disappeared by the following day. The men who were out searching for Primley's body were returning with it to the ferry house. As they came opposite Paton Wells's rock, they looked at each other and remembered the old woman's words. A blue thread of smoke was rising from the short stove pipe which bent out of "Squirrel Skin" Smith's cave, just above the door.

"Not dead," they said, and hurried on.

But the old man did not come down the rock for another week.

"I am going over to see him," said Rummell, one of the timbermen at the sawmill one day, when there were no logs running.

The crowd around the ferry-house watched him land on the other side, climb the steep pathway and disappear into the cave.

"Bet he don't get back alive," said one man, a little more superstitious than the rest.

"Bosh!" replied a riverman.

"The old man is probably crazy and just waiting for such fool-hardy persons," insisted the first.

"Oh! your wife has been talking to you," sneered the riverman. "I forgot you had a wife. Look up there!"

They said nothing more, but looked towards the rock. Rummell was walking hurriedly down the path, soon breaking into a run and then pulling his skiff rapidly towards the ferry

The men crowded around him. He said nothing to them except that Smith was alive and starving. The skiff was sent back across the river in few minutes loaded with provisions. The married man was pulling the oars, Rummell steered, and the riverman kept the food from getting splashed.

They filed up the path. As they reached the door they heard the old man talking, and stopped to listen.

"No! no!" he was saying, "I can't die. I won't. God, in mercy, spare me to see her. Spare an old man. He don't hear me. Soul will not listen. He never has, to me. Never! Never! But I will not curse him now. I will curse her. My hands! How bony they look and how dirty. Would she speak?" He laughed in such a way that the men shuddered. "To me, to me. And then to see him after waiting all these years. To see him, tall, strong, go whirling by on the logs and me, left cursing him on the bank. But I have waited, I have waited, and I can still wait."

The cave had grown still when Rummell opened the door and stepped inside. Smith lay in one corner of the low-ceilinged chamber on a pile of straw and small pine boughs, covered with a quilt of squirrel and rabbit skins. His face was like the dead, and his voice husky and weak.

He did not speak to the visitors, but watched them as they kindled the low fire and made ready some hot water. He drank the sling they prepared, but only ate a little of the food. They left uncomfortable in his presence, and his wandering eyes, set deep in their sockets, gleamed with the fire which had made many men about Peyton Wells's call him insane.

* * * * * * *

They treated him much better that summer. He was growing very feeble. They could see that as he crept down the pathway and waited by the landing for the ferry-boat. He even laid aside his rigid rules against accepting charity, and took proffered gifts, but never asked for any.

When the autumn days came he did not come down to the landing any more, but sat in the little cave and hardly stirred during the entire day. The men who worked in the woods were going north now, and long processions of oxen and wagons, driven by rough-looking, but stout and healthy men, passed along the river road and disappeared in the forest of small pines and burr oaks.

One of these gangs of men laid over at Peyton Wells's, waiting for Primley's successor to mend the great bateaux which he used for teams.

"I wonder where that crazy old fool is who followed me on the drive last spring," asked the leader of the men.

He was leaning against the post to which was attached the rope to fasten the boat, and so tall that his cap was exactly level with the flat top. His face might have been handsome once, but it showed the soul of the man too much, and was decidedly vicious.

"What a crazy old fool he was, anyhow. Is he dead or in an asylum?" the log driver continued.

"He is not dead yet, McClay, but he won't be around by the time you run out the drive next year. He's going fast," said young Rummell.

The driver learned the place where the old man lived and to the surprise of all, took a skiff, rowed across the river, and clambered up the rock.

McClay saw the old man sitting by the fire as he entered. The door closed behind him with a rattle. The head with its grey hair hanging in long locks was turned, the keen, glittering eyes gave one startled look from their deep sockets, the face always so deathly white, became blue-black, as the old man rose.

McClay took a step backward. He was frightened. That old man! It was the one whom he had feared so long to meet! The driver knew it, but he would not go. He was strong and stalwart; the man before him, though scarce a year older, was feeble and dying.

Before either spoke the old man rose. He looked again at McClay, and gasped. The younger was about to speak, when, clutching the short iron poker in his hand, Smith sprang upon him, crowding the log-driver over against the wall and upon one knee. Stepping back a second, the grey-haired man sprang forward again, and struck the stalwart McClay a terrible blow on the skull.

The blood flowed down into the driver's face. But he did not fall. Instead, he struck the iron from the old man's hand and grasped him tightly. Rising to his feet, he hurled the almost skeleton-like body of Squirrelskin Smith against the sandstone wall, and the eyes, which had glittered, were closed, and the thin white beard was reddened by the tiny stream of blood which came from between his lips.

McClay looked at him a moment and muttered, "I hadn't ought to have done it. But he riled me so. But that wasn't no excuse. I guess he ought to hate me. But how could I help her falling in love with me? Why in God's name don't he hate the woman."

Smith was moving. He had not been severely hurt. His feeble body could not withstand even a slight shock, but now McClay went to work to revive him and soon had him sitting up on the palet, glaring at the man he had tried to kill.

"So you knew me when you saw me last spring on the river. That was a great joke. I am glad I didn't answer you. I might have been killed. But what is the use of all this. My good God, man, you have grown old in the last six years. Not 45 yet, and you look 80. Come, come this won't do. Why don't you go East and be a man and not burrow in these hills like a badger? Ugh! where are the rattlesnakes?"

The old man did not reply and McClay went on. "I don't know but you ought to kill me; maybe you had, but it don't seem as if you ought to be so blanked sassy when it's the first time I have seen you in six years come Thanksgiving."

The old man started up. His hand shook as he pointed the bony digit finger at McClay. "You talk to me this way? You! you! you!" he gasped out. "I have prayed God to damn you and curse you. But you are prosperous, healthy and happy. You can be thankful I am not stronger. I searched for you and—and her a year. I knew you were up here in the north, but I said I could wait, and I have waited, to meet you now. George McClay, tell me not of yourself but of HER."

"I can't," answered McClay. "I don't know anything to tell."

"Is she"—but Smith had fallen back upon the pallet, and the tiny stream of blood was again flowing from between his lips.

"Oh! no, she isn't dead. I saw her last summer, when I was in St. Louis, looking very grand. She calls herself Mrs. Gertude Smith."

The old man had staggered up again.

"What? Her name."

"Why, what it ought to be, I suppose—Smith. I never heard of a divorce, did you? I used to be something of a lawyer in those days, before I dropped into this life, and I never heard of such papers."

The old man reached his head forward upon his knees and sobs shook his frame. McClay did not appear to care. He was too brutal to think.

"There's as good fish in the sea, you know, Sanford, as has been caught. So when six months after Gertie, (excuse me; your wife and me,) left you alone, and finding each other's company incompatible, so to speak, we separated, going each our several ways, me a doing fairly, she enjoying life, and you a starving to death. Next time I'm along here I suppose I'll have the pleasure of gazing on your small but comfortable grave."

He backed out through the door and started hastily down to the river.

He scarcely spoke a word all that afternoon. The bateaux would not be finished until morning. He must stay at Peyton Wells's all night. Just after dusk the mail carrier came in, tossed a sack into the little store and went into the kitchen to eat his supper. Before he came back and was ready to go on his way, George McClay had written this note.

Mrs. Sanford Smith, St. Louis, Mo.:

Sanford Smith is still alive, but close to death's door. If you wish to see the man who still loves you as in the past, and who has long ago forgiven, come immediately to Peyton Wells's Landing on the Wisconsin river. He is terribly poor and almost without friends, but neither a beggar or a drunkard.

Written for SANFORD SMITH,
By EZEKIEL PRIMLEY, P. M.

"She will never know who wrote it," said McClay. "I hope she may come and see him before he dies, just to know what a wretch he is."

The old man sank rapidly after McClay's visit. He no longer sat by the fire but rested upon the straw and pine boughs. Some one from the landing was by him all the time. A doctor had been sent for who said he must be taken from the cave, but Smith had struggled like an insane man and would not go.

"Then let him die here," said the physician.

But Rummell and some of the young men who worked at the mill nursed him daily.

Thanksgiving morning came. The men at Peyton Wells's were having a turkey shoot, and the sound of the rifles roused the sick man and he sat up. The sun shone upon the snow-covered ground and made the river look dark and cold, but the old man reached out his hands and held them in the bright rays as they came in at the crevices above the old, rickety door, smiling as he did it.

The stage from Neshkoro arrived that day at noon, two hours early. One passenger, a woman, alighted. She turned to young Rummell, who stood by the post-office door, and asked him a few questions from behind her heavy veil. She breathed heavily when he replied, and a moment afterwards followed him into a boat.

The loiterers about the place and the crowd which had come down to the shooting match saw her follow Rummell into the chamber in the rock.

But they did not witness the scene within. No one did. Rummell did not enter for several minutes. He heard whispers, sobs and then silence. When he went in the veil was taken from the woman's face, her hands were ungloved. The unshorn head of the old man rested upon her arm, the thin hand was held in her's, and turning away Rummell left them until he was called. As he entered the old man roused up and rubbed his forehead.

"Thank God! Yes, this is Thanksgiving," he muttered.

They carried him down to the landing the next day and he was given a room at Primley's home. The old woman remonstrated.

"My son always said he was a devil," she exclaimed, but they did not heed her. The strange woman had money, and that fact once demonstrated ended the matter.

The drive had not started in the spring when Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Smith went away, and sure enough Primley's prophecy that "Squirrelskin" Smith would never see another, came to pass.

I remember who stood around, that day Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Smith went away from Peyton Wells's, and talked about the Thanksgiving when she came. We gave a little farewell cheer as the stage whirled away, receiving in return a smile from her and a wave from Smith's hand. He was no long "Squirrelskin," but Mister. And west Peyton Wells's rock never saw or heard of them again.

* * * * * * *

The worst log jam ever in the bend occurred on the drive that spring. The logs piled up just below the rock until it was as much as a man's life was worth to attempt to break it. The body of the man who accomplished the feat, was never found. A boot with one foot crushed and broken inside was picked up ten miles farther down. To-day the bend is known as the place where George McClay lost his life.

But they do not know that he plunged recklessly to the work after hearing young Rummell tell the story of "Squirrelskin" Smith's Thanksgiving.

A woman may be too good for this world, but she cannot be too pretty or too amiable.—[Boston Courier.

"Nasby's" Last and Greatest Story.

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The Demagogue

by

D R Locke

D. R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. MASON AND MR GLEASON CROSS SWORDS.

ONE of the queerest traits of the average run of modern young people is the shame-faced way in which they meet any mention of their love affairs, and especially the secrecy with which they invariably attempt, but with invariable failure, to invest a matrimonial engagement. The lady acts as though she had committed an indiscretion in engaging to bestow her hand, and the young gentleman denies the soft impeachment as vigorously as if he were accused of being *particeps criminis* instead of *particeps amoris*. This attempted secrecy on the part of a young couple is the more ridiculous because love is something that can not be hidden. A young man or woman, in that stage of the tender passion which follows a mutual avowal and acknowledgment, and which extends from the engagement to its consummation, can not conceal the tender passion. It betrays itself to every one.

Why this futile attempt at concealment is invariably made, is a query that should engage the attention of some philosophic writer. No adequate reason appears ever to have been advanced to explain it. Why should a young couple, engaged to marry, conceal that fact as sedulously as if they were engaged in a conspiracy against the peace and welfare of the government? Their purpose is a most praiseworthy one. The estate of matrimony is honorable, and the good old custom of marrying and giving in marriage is one that has the endorsement of the example of humanity, from that of our first parents in the Garden of Eden down to the present time. There is no reason why an engagement should be concealed. In the society of our cities, we have largely outgrown the feeling of secretiveness on this point; but in rural neighborhoods it still continues in vogue.

It never succeeds, however; nor did it in the case of our friends, Mr. Gleason and Sarah Dunlap. But the greatly increased frequency of the young lawyer's trips to the Dunlap homestead speedily attracted the attention of the good gossips of Pulaski; and, as a love affair is a godsend to that class, they speedily satisfied themselves of the existing state of affairs. And then they talked the matter over in all its phases, for they recalled that it had at one time been an understood thing that Sarah was to marry Caleb Mason, who had jilted her for Helen Harvey.

And if any one doubted that the rumor were true, a glance at Sarah Dunlap was sufficient to solve the doubt and convince them of the fact. She was too young, when Mason deserted her to wed another, to have felt a real, enduring love for him. It was a sentiment of close friendship, rather than the deeper passion, which she entertained for him. It is true his violation of the tacit understanding had been a severe blow to her. It is against nature for a woman not to be cruelly wounded by such an act. It is innate in the feminine creation to entertain a good opinion of one's self, and to desire the admiration and adulation of the sterner sex. If relations tending toward matrimony exist between a man and a woman, and are to be broken off, the latter always prefers to take the initiative herself. A reversal of the case inflicts a slight upon her in the eyes of the world, for there is an implication that some other woman pleases him better—and what daughter of Eve can be expected to accept such an assertion, implied or expressed, with equanimity?

Sarah Dunlap was hurt and mortified by Mason's act, and more; for she had learned to rely upon him wholly in business matters, and at first it seemed to her as though all support was swept away, and she were left to the cold mercies of the world. But she soon learned that she had friends besides Mason; and when she had placed her business affairs in Gleason's hands, she found him equally as efficient as Mason had been. Gradually the sense of loss wore away, and the keen grief, which she had attributed to disappointed love, but which was in reality only mortification at the painful situation in which Mason's conduct had placed her, wore away, and she was able to think of him and of his wife with absolute indifference. The real injury thus was done her was in making her distrustful of any approach toward lover-like attentions on the part of the opposite sex. She could not put faith in any man because one man had proved faithless.

Sam Gleason had not attempted to put their business connection on any more intimate footing. In point of fact, he had not felt any matrimonial inclinations, toward Sarah or any one else. But years of business acquaintanceship brought out many points of like thinking, a similarity of views and tastes, that placed these two upon a footing of closer friendship than that arising from business interests. In point of fact, Sarah had loved him long before had thought it possible he might one day gain her. When he had made up his mind to no longer be dazzled by the glamor of politics, and to settle down quietly and attend to his law practice, the lack of a home and a wife to share it came strongly upon him, and his thoughts turned instinctively to Sarah—for the schoolboy passion he had entertained for her when they were schoolfellows had long ago deepened into the enduring, honest love of the strong man for the one woman in all the world he felt necessary to his happiness.

Basking in the warmth of a real and a reciprocal affection, Sarah Dunlap's heart opened like a flower in the sunshine, and her happiness was reflected from her face, shone from her eyes, was evident in her manner. She was a beautiful woman, but her happiness transfigured her and gave a brightness to her face, an added note of gladness to her voice, a springy life to her very step, that made her still more beautiful.

And when those, who had heard the rumor coupling her name with that of Mr. Gleason, saw her, they were confirmed in their belief in the rumor. His friends began to rally him upon the subject, and jeered him good-naturedly when he stoutly denied that there was anything more than business matters took him so frequently and regularly to the Dunlap farm.

Dr. Blanchard heard the rumor, and happened, the same day, to see Gleason and Sarah driving together. The matter naturally possessed considerable interest for him. He took an early occasion to drop in upon Gleason when the latter was alone, and put the direct question to him.

"Well, Doc," answered Gleason, flushing up and giving vent to an embarrassed laugh, "I don't mind telling you, in confidence, that it is true. We are engaged. But I hope you will consider this confidential."

"I congratulate you heartily," responded Blanchard, shaking the young lawyer's hand earnestly. "I congratulate you both. It is an ideal match. But Gleason, why not announce the engagement?"

"What's the need of that, Doc? Whose business is it but our own? We are both of age, and able to mind our own affairs."

"My dear Gleason, this is one of the little things that once in a while crop out to show that you were reared in the country. There is nothing to be ashamed of in an engagement. And of course it isn't really anybody's business but your own. But a love affair is always a matter of interest. Who is it who says, 'All the world loves a lover?' Well, no matter who; but he voiced a great truth. The town is gossiping over you two already. Why not frankly acknowledge the engagement, let the gossips make a nine days' wonder out of it, and be done with it?"

In this strain the doctor combated Gleason's arguments, until the latter was brought to acknowledge that his advice was good, and to promise to submit the matter to Sarah that evening. His repetition of Dr. Blanchard's talk was so effective that she consented to the announcement, and Dr. Blanchard was deputed to make it public, which he promptly did, in the most effective manner possible, by telling it that afternoon to Miss Dobbs, the milliner, who happened at that particular time to be under his professional care on account of a slight attack of "nerves." He could not have made it public more speedily than by telling that lady. It was equal to publishing the engagement in all the local papers at once.

Miss Dobbs was sitting in the little parlor back of her shop. The parlor and Miss Dobbs fitted each other admirably. As Miss Dobbs had often said, she was not a handsome young lady. No one would accuse her of being a beauty, and she herself had sense enough not to assume youth. While she was very careful in the matter of showing family records, she did not claim to be young. "Yes, my dear," she said once, "I don't see why ladies are so particular about age. Years carry with them no disgrace. Pastor Williams asked me how old I am only yesterday. Now, other girls would have lied about their age—I say lied, for any untruth is a lie, you know, and I believe in calling things by their right names. A lie is a lie, whether it is about your age, or about a spring bonnet—by the way, have you seen the new styles? They are stunning. Pastor Williams asked me my age, some girls, as I said, would have said twenty-five, or perhaps 30; but I didn't. I am older than that, and I told him promptly, and without any more fuss than as though the question had been anything else, 'I am thirty-five;' and I think it was the best thing to do. Why should I be ashamed of being thirty-five? I was born thirty-five years ago, and am therefore thirty-five."

Had Miss Dobbs said fifty-five, she would have been nearer the mark. But as she said thirty-five, of course thirty-five had to be accepted.

Miss Dobbs was, as she often said, of a monotonous figure. She had not a Swiss figure, made up of hills and dales, and graceful sweeps of upland and lowland. There were no precipices upon her figure, no undulations. She was right in saying "monotonous." She was built upon the general plan of an Illinois prairie—one dead level from her head to her feet. She was thick where she should have been thin, and thin where she should have been thick. And her surroundings fitted her exactly. There was a delightful sympathy between her and the furniture of the little parlor. She was straight and angular—so were the chairs. She was thin and narrow—so was the sofa. She was severe and sour—so was the carpet. The furniture and she were a complementary, and that was all that could be said about it.

Ah! that parlor! That parlor had been the scene of more murders than any other place in Pulaski. Men and women had not been literally killed therein, but their characters had. There was death in the curtains, and the air was full of the ghosts of murdered reputations. Many a well-balanced, symmetrical character had come into that room, but gone out of it as badly riddled as a French communist in front of a mitrailleuse.

Miss Dobbs has two passions which were very strong in her, and which had been so all her life. One was, to sell a bonnet, and the other was to destroy the reputation of the woman or girl who was to wear it. She would gossip about men when there were no other available subjects, the same as a gourmand will eat liver when he cannot compass porter-house steak; but she much preferred a woman. She could say more against a woman without saying anything tangible, she could do more by insinuation, than any other woman in the town could by assertion; and so she had the luxury of killing without paying the penalty for murder. The bulk of the gossip and slander and backbiting in Pulaski could be traced to her back parlor, but none of it could be fastened to her. She always defended the one who was under the scalpel, and mangled her more in the defence, a thousand times, than would have been possible by direct attack. Her admissions always came in just the wrong time; her defence, although seemingly genuine, was always so weak that it was really a damage to the defended party; and so she, the promoter of all the mischief in the village, enjoyed the reputation of being a good-natured, weak lady, who suffered much by those who surrounded her.

GLEASON PRODUCES THE RECEIPT.

When Dr. Blanchard entered this dissecting-room of reputation, this morgue of good name, he found two other ladies enjoying the society of the esteemed Miss Dobbs. They made a feint of retiring, but he courteously insisted upon their remaining. He found Miss Dobbs's nerves in much better condition, and congratulated her upon the improvement. "You have only to be a little careful of yourself, Miss Dobbs," he added. "You should take more exercise in the open air; a nice brisk walk each evening, for instance. As I was saying to Mr. Gleason, just before coming here, fresh air, regular exercise, are prime necessities to any one of sedentary occupation."

His mention of Gleason was made with intent, and it was received exactly as he intended it should be.

"Te he!" giggled one of the visiting females. "Mr. Gleason gets regular exercise enough, if all they say is true about his going to the country to get fresh air."

The giggle passed around the trio. Dr. Blanchard looked interested; turning acutely to the last speaker, he said:

"Why, has that matter became public already?"

Three pairs of ears were, metaphorically pricked up at this. "Why, has what become public?" inquired Miss Dobbs.

"The engagement between Mr. Gleason and Miss Dunlap, of course," responded the doctor. "I understood the remark to refer to that."

"Are they really engaged?" chorused the trio.

"Undoubtedly so," responded the doctor. "There is no secret about it, however. Both parties have formally announced it to their friends."

"When are they to be married?" inquired the lady who first rose to the doctor's hint.

"The date is not yet fixed, but it will probably take place next fall, I am told by Mr. Gleason."

"Poor man!" exclaimed Miss Dobbs, compassionately. "My heart bleeds for him!"

"Indeed, I cannot see why," laughed Dr. Blanchard. "To my mind he is to be congratulated. Miss Dunlap is a well-educated, cultured lady, handsome in person and sweet in disposition. I think, Miss Dobbs, you will find the young gentlemen of Mr. Gleason's circle envying him as a lucky dog, rather than pitying him." And so saying, the doctor took his departure.

"Oh, well, she's handsome and well educated, and all that," resumed Miss Dobbs after showing him out, "but I think Sam Gleason's too nice a young man to have to take Caleb Mason's leavings."

"Why, do you mean to say, Miss Dobbs——" interrupted one of her auditors, breathlessly.

"I don't mean to say anything. But Caleb Mason lived at that house for years, and he and Sarah Dunlap were as thick as two thieves. I just think Sam Gleason is to be pitied, so I do!"

"Te he!" tittered the other lady. "I don't know but it's as long as it's broad. Sam Gleason knows which side his bread's buttered on. Sarah Dunlap's got plenty of money, and money covers up lots of spots on a girl's character. If he is marrying somebody else's leavings, he's getting well paid for it."

"Yes," responded Miss Dobbs, in a gloomy tone, "I didn't think of that. No doubt he is just marrying her for her money—a mere fortune hunter! Well, it's a good thing two families are not to be spoiled by them!"

And the caucus, after coming to this unanimous decision on this subject, separated to spread the authoritative news of the engagement among their friends. The matter was the topic of conversation for a short time, and then, it being accepted as a well-understood thing, Gleason and Sarah were left alone by the gossips.

So the weeks passed on, and Gleason worked daily and nightly on the fragments from that waste-basket. As the task approached its completion he became even more absorbed in it. He labored upon it nightly until long after midnight, and whenever he had a spare hour during the day he locked himself in his back room to continue the task. He even hurried back to town on the evenings he rode out to see Sarah Dunlap, in order to have the more time to devote to it. What greater proof of its absorbing nature could be given, than that it would drive an engaged young man away from the side of his fiancee?

Thus the weeks passed on. Congress adjourned, and Caleb Mason returned once more to the bosom of his family, and his form was again a familiar one on the streets of Pulaski. His presence only acted as an additional incentive upon Gleason.

Sarah wondered, not long after this, why her lover did not present himself at the farm-house. He had been in the habit of coming regularly twice or thrice a week, yet a whole week had passed and he had not put in an appearance. The next evening passed, and the next; but no sign of Gleason.

The following morning Sarah drove to town, ostensibly to do some shopping. But she drew up in front of Gleason's office the first thing, and sent in a message by the farm-boy who accompanied her that she would be glad to speak to that gentleman a moment.

Sam came out, his face glowing with pleasure. He took her offered hand in both his own as he said, before she could speak:

"I know, dear, that I have been apparently remiss; but you'll forgive me when I tell you all about it. I shall be out to-night to see you, and I think I shall be able to astonish you somewhat. Don't ask me what it is, for I must not tell you. Wait till this evening."

And excusing himself, he hurried back and again locked himself in the back office.

Sarah, a good deal relieved—for she had feared he was ill—executed her errands and returned home. Evening came, and the usual hour for Gleason's arrival, but he had not come. Evening darkened into night. Sarah walked down the path to the front gate, and listened for hoof-beats on the road from Pulaski.

At last! Her pulses quickened as her ear caught the faint strokes of the iron shoes upon the stones in the road. On they came. Yes, it is he! Gleason saw her figure at the gate, and called out as he dismounted:

"Is that you, dear?"

"It is I, but I don't know how dear I am," saucily responded Sarah. "I was beginning to feel like Mariana in the moated grange."

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Sarah," laughed he in reply. "You know Mariana said:

> 'I'm a-weary, I'm a-weary,
> And I wish that I were dead!'

I have some news for you that will banish all that, at any rate. Come, I want to get to the light, for I have something here to show you—something you are hungering to see!" And putting her hand within his own arm, he drew her back to the house.

"Now, what have you to show me?" inquired Sarah, when they had reached the old-fashioned sitting-room.

Gleason looked all around the room, to be sure the blinds were drawn, and that they were alone. Then drawing Sarah by his side to the table, he produced from an inner pocket a pocket-book. Selecting from its contents a folded paper, he handed it to her.

It was a sheet of thin, tough bond-paper, on which were carefully pasted, in exact juxtaposition, a large number of small fragments of paper—but so neatly joined and pasted that it took a second and more careful glance to note the junctions. Sarah read:

PULASKI, OHIO, October 18, 1853.

Received of Simon Dunlap four thousand dollars in money and twenty-nine thousand dollars in 7 per cent bonds of the United States, to be invested for the benefit of said Simon Dunlap, and subject at all times to his order.

CALEB MASON.

It was the receipt Caleb Mason had stolen from her dead father and torn up with intent to destroy.

"You have finished it at last!" exclaimed she, looking up into Gleason's face, her eyes shining.

"And that is what has kept me away from you for this past week and more," returned he. "I had it so nearly completed that I could not bear to be away from it one minute. I have not slept over four hours a night for the past week. I have put in eighteen to twenty hours a day on it. I finished it late this afternoon, or rather early in the evening, got a morsel of supper, and hurried out here to let you know the task is done."

"It has been a laborious one for you, I can see," answered Sarah, regretfully. "I feel remorseful when I realize how much work you must have put on it."

"You needn't feel one bit of remorse about it," returned Gleason, with a joyous laugh. "I feel like an emancipated slave, Sarah! That miserable bit of paper has been clinging to me as the Old Man of the Sea sat upon the neck of poor Sinbad. It has blighted half the pleasure of life for me for years. Now it is completed, and I am free to enjoy existence once more!"

"I thank you ever and ever so much for your kindness and patience," said Sarah. "But you shall be paid for your work. Bring in your bill, Mr. Lawyer, as soon as you please!"

"I ask but one thing, dear."

"And that is——?"

"Your hand, Sarah," was the low reply, in a tone of tenderness.

A pretty blush overspread her face. "You are a little exorbitant, are you not? I have already given you my heart, and now you ask my hand!"

"The two belong together, dear. May I not have this for my own also?" and he gently clasped her right hand in both his own.

"Yes, I suppose so, you masterful fellow! You will not be satisfied unless your fee is paid."

The upshot of the discussion was that the date of the wedding was fixed for a day three months in the future.

The next day Mr. Gleason presented himself to the Hon. Caleb Mason, at the latter's office, and asked to have a private interview on important business.

"I am somewhat busy just now, Mr. Gleason. Is this matter too pressing to be postponed until to-morrow?"

Mr. Gleason was very sorry, but the case was one that admitted of no delay.

Without a word, Mason led the way into his private office, and closed the door. Then he signified to Gleason that he was ready to hear him.

"I called, Mr. Mason," began Gleason, in a measured, business-like tone, "to arrange for the closing up of your accounts as trustee of the estate of the late Mr. Dunlap."

"Indeed!" returned Mason coldly. "You have been acting as legal adviser of Miss Dunlap for several years. If there was any unfinished business left in my hands, why was it not presented before this?"

"For reasons which will appear later. There was a considerable sum of money left in your hands by Mr. Dunlap, for investment, a short time before his death, which has not been turned over yet. It is of that I wish to speak."

"Your accounts with the estate must be wrong, Mr. Gleason," returned Mason, with a sharp look at his visitor. "I think, if you will have the goodness to go over the statements I made you when my trusteeship terminated, you will find there is nothing unaccounted for."

"This item does not appear in those statements, Mr. Mason. I repeat, it was money turned over to you for investment by Mr. Dunlap himself."

"I think you will find that everything in my hands belonging to the estate was properly entered and turned over to you years ago."

"All but this one item—a total of $33,000."

"I don't think, Mr. Gleason. I quite understand you. You say this item does not appear in the statements I made you. On what do you base the claim?"

"On the receipt given by you to Mr. Dunlap himself, in your own handwriting."

Mason started in spite of himself. "I know of no such receipt. May I ask to see it?"

"Certainly," returned Gleason promptly. "Here it is.

Recent Literature.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATED VOLUMES

Many Holiday Books — Owen Meredith's Poems—A Knight of Faith—Adrift—Standish of Standish—Legend Laymoine—Magazines for November—Pamphlet Novels—Literary Notes.

"Zigzag Journeys in the British Isles," by H. Butterworth, is another of the series which has become so popular. It tells of a visit made to the mother country by a party of young people, describing their itinerary among the hills of Scotland, the lakes of Ireland, and the fields of England, visiting historic places, and interlarded with stories of history and romance. Over 100 beautiful illustrations embellish it, and it is a fine volume. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

The same publishers bring out another volume of the Vassar series. This one is entitled "Three Vassar Girls in Turkey," by Elizabeth Champney. Each of these volumes describes a trip taken by the Vassar maidens to some part of the world, with a lively and animated description of their haps and mishaps. To this is added a glimpse of the history of the country visited, and the whole is illustrated most charmingly by the well known New York artist, "Champ" (J. Wells Champney). In this volume the girls visit Russia and Turkey during the exciting scenes and events of the late Turko-Russian war, which are vividly portrayed.

"The Red Mountain of Alaska," by Willis Boyd Allen, is the title of an interesting volume giving an account of a trip taken by a gentleman and his family from the eastern part of the United States to Alaska, partly in search of a mountain of which they had heard, where it is supposed that very valuable minerals could be found; and partly for a vacation and pleasure trip. Mr. Allen has given an excellent idea of this little known country at the same time interweaving an interesting narrative of adventure. The book is illustrated with engravings made from original drawings by F. T. Merrill and W. L. Taylor. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"The Knockabout Club in Spain" is one of F. A. Ober's illuminated and illustrated books containing descriptions and illustrations of famous Spanish cities and their noble architecture. Having recently visited and lived in Spain, travelling throughout the entire country, he has been enabled to give in this volume an excellent picture of Spain and the Spaniards, told in his own inimitable style.

"Feathers, Furs and Fins," by Emma Cheney, Kate Woods and Mrs. Sanford, is a like utilization, for children, of drawings of well known animal draughtsmen, presenting, often in excellent prototypes, a vast variety of things which fly, swim and roam the woods. The illustrations are excellent.

The "Little Ones' Annual for 1890," edited by William T. Adams, familiary known as Oliver Optic. This beautiful volume consists of original stories and poems by the very best writers of juvenile literature, carefully selected and edited. It is embellished with 370 entirely original illustrations, drawn expressly for the work by the most celebrated book illustrators in America, and engraved on wood in the highest style, under the superintendence of George T. Andrew.

The above volumes all come from Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"The Earl's Return," by Owen Meredith, ranks next to the author's masterpiece "Lucile," and deserves the fine setting which Estes & Lauriat have given it for the holidays. The illustrations are of special value, from the fact that the publishers sent the artist direct to Normandy where the scene is located, and the scenes are faithfully depicted, instead of being created from the imagination of the artist. It is one of the most artistic holiday books published.

Among the other fine volumes issued by the same publishers for the holidays is a beautifully printed and elegantly bound edition of Victor Hugo's wonderful crystallization, in "Notre Dame de Paris," of the mediæval architecture, the history, the myths, the romance, the beauty and the brutality of the Paris of the Fifteenth Century, under the able but cruel Louis the Eleventh. It is translated by A. L. Alger and richly illustrated from the designs of Bieler, Rossi and de Myrbach, which bring out dramatically all the diabolism as well as the grandeur figured in the towers, statues and gargoyles of the famous minster, within and around which the story centers, and which tells in stone the same story of human virtues and vices, as vividly if not as imperishably as the great novelist tells of them. It is strong meat, for the grown rather than for the young mind, but a piece of human history and human nature which could hardly be spared from literature, an historical novel almost or quite without a parallel.

"Chatterbox for 1889-90" is fully up to the standard of past years and is a most charming book. It contains over 400 pages and 200 original illustrations by great English artists, and is not only a most interesting but very instructive book, and its healthy moral tone has always been acknowledged. Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"Our Christian Heritage," by Cardinal Gibbons, is a book that does not deal with the controversies agitated since the reformation, nor aim at vindicating the claims of the Catholic church as superior to those of the separate branches of Christianity. It has nothing to say against any denomination that still retains faith in at least the divine Mission of Jesus Christ. It is written to show that such fundamental truths underlying Christianity as the existence, the providence and the omniscience of God, the immortality of the soul, the existence of free will, and the essential distinction between good and evil, are all susceptible of being demonstrated by unaided reason, while they are made still more luminous by the light of Christian revelation. The volume contains a series of chapters exhibiting the superiority of Christian over Pagan civilization. There is an important chapter on labor. A portrait of the author in colors furnishes the frontispiece. It is published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

"Adrift, a Story of Niagara," by Julia D. Young, dedicated to William D. Howells, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, is true to its name. It gets no further in a contention of love between the hero and the heroine at the close than a persistent prohibition to the former by the latter of his asking her any more to marry him. The "Bursting of a Boom," by Frederick R. Sanford, is a California love story with quite an opposite closing, in which the lady fears, in words of course, like the other's declarations, that she has given herself away unasked and wants to know how she is to be convinced that she has not.

"A Knight of Faith" is the title of a counter novel to "Robert Eismere," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, author of "A Short History of the French Revolution." It is published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York. The author claims only that great truths can be hinted, not handled in fiction, lines of evidence only suggested, not exhaustively treated, which is in itself a sound criticism enough on the book here controverted. The method of the story is the development of practical Christian characters in Dorothy, the heroine of the tale, and her husband. The scene is first in England and changes to France. In spite of the author's practical intentions there is much dramatic discussion in the book, which, however, does not detract from its interest. Of course the rich culture represented in "Robert Eismere" will not be looked for in this more crude American successor to it.

Under the title, "The Making of a Great Magazine," Messrs. Harper & Brothers have prepared a pamphlet of some half a hundred pages descriptive of the history and methods of their popular monthly. The pamphlet is illustrated by an abundant selection of wood engravings from the pages of the magazine. New York.

"Standish of Standish," a story of the pilgrims, by Jane G. Austin, is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The large discussion now in progress relating to the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America has aroused a new interest in American history and experience in all its earlier years. It has already called out some of the best writers in history and romance, who have given us graphic pictures of the heroes and heroines of the centuries past. The fine monument erected at Plymouth to Myles Standish is but another evidence of this awakened interest in the public mind. In view of such, a new story of Myles Standish by an author so highly prized as Mrs. Austin can be marked as more than usually timely. The real facts of history are of abounding interest, but when deftly interwoven with fine romance, healthful and true to life, the chapters are all made charming.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, issue a new "History of the United States During the Last Administration of Thomas Jefferson," by Henry Adams. It is in two volumes, and it seems to be a carefully written narrative of the political conditions in those days. The chapter on "Economical Conditions" is very good, containing a clear statement of facts that are interesting. The object is to show what Thomas Jefferson really did for the nation. It is a valuable addition to the history of special epochs.

Elizabeth W. Champney is so well known for her work for young folks, that a new book by her is always welcome. This is the case with one just published by White & Allen, New York, entitled, "Witch Winnie." "The Story of a King's Daughter." In the introduction the author states that the founding of the Home of the Elder Brother was suggested by the work of some real children.

"Lot's Daughter," by the author of "Laddie," "Miss Torsey's Mission," etc., is a pretty little story for girls, published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. They will find it very interesting.

"A First Book in American History," by Edward Eggleston, is one written with special reference to the lives and deeds of great Americans. The object of the author is to give those who may not in their younger days get more than the briefest insight into the history of their country the best presentation of important facts possible. It is also a good preparation for more extended study. Mr. Eggleston is one highly capable of doing such work well. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A beautiful holiday volume is that of Tennyson's "The Miller's Daughter," issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It is copiously illustrated and printed upon fine cream colored paper. The cover is prettily illuminated, and it is fairly well bound. Price, $3.

Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, issue a boy's book entitled "Luke Walton, or the Chicago Newsboys," by Horatio Alger, jr., author of "Ragged Dick Series," "Luck and Pluck Series," etc.

From the Century company comes the bound volume of the six months, extending from May to October, 1889, and a superb volume it is as usual. The library that contains these books will be rich in good things.

In his romance of "Arthur Merton," Admiral David D. Porter displays a tendency to circumstantiality that occasionally jars on the sense of artistic propriety. The story itself has considerable action with firmly drawn figures and well-studied accessories. The nautical adventures of the hero receive an added interest from the fact that the narrator has been a commander of many ships. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In the series of "English Men of Action" comes "Lord Strafford," by H. D. Traill, an exceedingly well written and valuable life of this brilliant nobleman, whose tragic death because of his loyalty to a feeble and ill-judging monarch, challenges the deepest sympathy in these later times. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"Legend Laymone" is a beautiful poem, by M. B. M. Toland, author of "Isa," "Sir Rae," "The Inca Princess," etc., with photogravures from drawings by eminent artists. The poem is very fine and the illustrations are in character. The cover is handsomely illuminated and the volume is one that cannot fail to find favor as a holiday gift. It is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Another fine work, the beauty of which lies largely in its execution, is entitled "Off the Weather Bow, or Life's Voyage." Suggestive lines in regard to the sea from the best poets have been taken and aptly illustrated. Each page is full of artistic beauty. The fine pictures, the quaint but exquisite lettering and the soft coloring makes a *tout ensemble* that is charming. Published by White & Allen, New York.

A lovely little story for girls is "Queen Hildegarde," by Laura E. Richards, and published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. The change which a summer of good healthful influences makes in a fair young girl, is very prettily shown in this little narrative, and it will do good while it entertains.

In Wyoming Series No. 2 is published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, the story of "Storm Mountain," by Edward S. Ellis, author of "Young Pioneer Series," "Log Cabin Series," etc. It is an Indian story that will be found entertaining.

From the same publishers in Castleman's War Series comes "True to His Colors," by Harry Castleman, author of "Gunboat Series," etc. It has several good illustrations and is well printed and well bound. The boys will enjoy it.

A beautifully gotten-up edition of Owen Meredith's "Lucile" comes from Frederic Stokes & Brother, New York. It is a vignette edition with one hundred new illustrations by Frank M. Gregory. The cover is unique and very handsome, and taken together it makes a very fine presentation volume.

Among the pamphlet novels is "Passion's Slave," by Richard Ashe King, author of "The Wearing of the Green," etc., published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Another is "Rhea, or The Case of Dr. Fleetlin," by Rena de Pont Jest, author of "Artist and Model" published in the Globe Library of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Another, also from Rand, McNally & Co., is "Allan's Wife," by H. Rider Haggard.

Literary Notes.

Max O'Rell's "Jonathan and His Continent" has sold over 100,000 copies.

Margaret Deland's "Florida Days" promises to be one of the best selling of the more modest holiday books.

Miss Amelia B. Edward's books have received a stimulus by her visit. "Up the Nile" is the most asked for of her works.

A sister of Olive Schriener, author of "The Story of an African Farm," has taken to literature, conning herself to writing temperance works.

Charles Dudley Warner's novel, "A Little Journey in the World," contains a clever description of the New York Stock Exchange in full blast.

The Harpers publish in one handsome volume Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae," one of his most powerful and sombre stories.

Roberts Brothers have just ready a new and revised edition of "The New Priest in Conception Bay," a novel by Robert T. S. Lowell, brother of James Russell Lowell.

W. D. Howells's new story, "A Hazard of New Fortunes," concluded in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*, will soon be issued in complete form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Bynner, author of the strong serial story, "The Begum's Daughter," now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will have in the December number a paper on "The Old Bunch of Grapes Tavern."

The Rev. Father Edmund Hill is the author of "A Short Cut to the True Church." It is an invitation to Protestants to enter the Roman Catholic church, in which old arguments on the subject are briefly summarized.

Worthington company announce for immediate publication a powerful, sparkling French novel called "Heuriette; or, A Corsican Mother," by Francois Coppee, translated by Edward Wakefield, with photogravure illustrations.

J. A. Mitchell's article on "Contemporary American Caricature," in December *Scribner's*, will contain cartoons by seventeen of the leading American humorous artists, including Nast, Keppler, Frost, Gibson and McVicker. It is intended to have other articles on French, English and German caricaturists.

Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, in the forthcoming December *Century*, gives her impressions of the Paris exhibition, and quotes President's Carnot's phrase that it was "a display of ideas rather than of things." Says Mrs. van Rensselaer: "Science and art, not trade, gave the exhibition character, and determined its success."

Dr. William Perry Northrup (whose "In the Steamer's Track," in *Scribner's*, will be remembered) has written for the December number of that periodical some picturesque impressions of a summer in Brittany, describing particularly "The Pardon of Ste. Anne d'Auray"—a unique religious festival.

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," "Brueton's Bayou," etc., contributes the complete novel for the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It is a remarkable and striking original story, dealing with the life of an ex-convict, who while serving his term in prison becomes converted to Christianity.

A book sure to attract general attention is "Wilfred," by A. T. Winthrop (Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.), reprinted from the original edition of 1880. This is the novel exhibiting such a curious resemblance to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," published only a year or two ago, that many have supposed it suggested to Mrs. Burnett the plot and some of the incidents of her pretty story.

"Hiero-Salem"—a book whose aim is nothing less than the restoration of our maimed conception of the Godhead, of its abstracted womanly element, and the teaching man that, while yielding his heart to woman, Nature decrees him never to find the perfect womanly save in his own soul, where it is the faint reflection of the supernal womanly in Jehovah—should make a profound impression, not only in the literary world, but also in the theological.

WHAT SIZE COLLAR DO YOU WEAR?

Grover Cleveland's Is 18 Inches, W. W. Astor 15, Booth 15 1-2, and Ingersoll 18 1-2.

OWING to the fact that collars were made upon the shirt a generation ago, it is probable that our grandfathers must have changed that garment oftener than the average man does to-day. The only style of collar then worn was the bishop collar. A huge, flaring thing such as you will see in the daguerreotypes of forty years ago. It is only twenty-five years since the first collars were made detachable from the shirt-band. They were all of the turned-down style, and they were worn until ten or twelve years ago, when the stand-up collar came into fashion.

The young men mostly wear the stand-up collars, the middle-aged man clings to the turned-down variety, because he wore it when he was young, and the man no longer young, nor yet middle-age, wear stand-up collars for the same reason. A Broadway dealer in gentlemen's furnishings, where most of the well-known men do their buying, showed his order book to the New York *Journal* representative the other day.

"Here," he said, "is an order from Grover Cleveland for three shirts and a dozen collars. Mr. Cleveland wears an 18-inch collar. He wears both turned-down and standing, the latter being scooped-shaped in front. Mr. Cleveland never gives me a heavy order, but generally buys his things in quantities like the above. He does not affect silk underwear, but wears instead a fine quality of cotton's hair, which costs him about $8 a suit."

In one of the old order books belonging to this firm are orders for Gen. Grant. He wore a 17-inch turned-down collar, and in all the years that he dealt with this firm he never varied from the one style. Gen. Arthur, on the contrary, was always changing the style of his collar. He always wanted the latest style, if it was at all becoming.

"Mr. Blaine is another one of my customers," said the dealer. "He wears a 15½ turned-down collar, and is very particular about the quality of linen. William Waldorf Astor wears a No. 15 collar, and a more gentlemanly man you could not meet," said the dealer, warmly; "he always knows exactly what he wants, and he isn't at all extravagant. Very few wealthy men are.

"Edwin Booth wears a 15½ standing collar. It is large for him, but he likes to be comfortable. Lawrence Barrett wears the same size, but he is much more particular than Mr. Booth about the fit of his collar."

Turning the leaves of the order book the name of Jay Gould appeared. He had ordered three dozen 14-inch turned-down collars. Mayor Hewitt's wife buys his collars for him. He says they never fit when he buys them himself. When asked what his size was he replied:

"I don't know. You'll have to ask my wife."

W. J. Florence wears a larger collar than John L. Sullivan. The last order that John gave was for a dozen 17-inch standing collar. Mr. Florence wears a 17½. Gen. Harrison wears a 16½ turned-down collar, and is just a little bit careless about changing them often. Bob Ingersoll wears a larger collar than Mr. Cleveland, 18½ inches.

"The only purgatory I believe in," said this gentleman facetiously, "is that endured when one has a tight collar on."

Russian Post and Telegraph Offices.

"Slow, and not very sure," ought to be the motto of the Russian post and telegraph offices. Parcels and registered letters handed in at the general postoffice at St. Petersburg at 8 p. m. take their departure thence after 28 hours; and that they do not always reach their destination is the experience of a goodly number of inhabitants within the "gate of Western Europe." Telegrams from one part of St. Petersburg for Moscow to other arrive, as a rule, three or four hours after they were paid for; and whenever the Czar is traveling between St. Petersburg and Moscow, or on any other line, the telegraph service is altogether suspended. An instance of the difficulties of transmitting political telegrams was quite recently given when Mr. Blaine sent a cipher telegram to Mrs. Wurts, the charge d'affaires of the United States at St. Petersburg. The address was "Wurts, Charge d'Affaires, St. Petersburg," but this the autocrats of the St. Petersburg telegraph office considered insufficient, and the message was sent back to Washington, whence, however, it was at once returned, with the only addition of a few personal remarks concerning the intelligence of the Russian telegraph department. It was then considered well to deliver it, but instead of going to Mr. Wurts, it went to the American consul, who was away from home for several days. After a week's time it got into the right hands; Mr. Wurts telegraphed an explanation to Washington, and received another telegram, this time not in cipher. It is whispered in St. Petersburg diplomatic circles that there was about the wording of the last message "a certain American simplicity."

Progress of Cremation in Paris.

The cremation furnace in Pere la Chaise cemetery, Paris, being now complete, the inhabitants of the French capital will for the future have the option of burying their dead as before, or of having them cremated and their ashes placed in funeral urns. The prefect of the Seine has just approved the scale of charges for incineration proposed by the municipal council. The charge for the use of the cremation furnace is to be 50f., which sum includes the keeping in the columbarium of the funeral urn containing the ashes for a period of five years. The urn will, however, have to be provided by the family of the deceased person. A further charge, varying from 150f. to 12f., will be made for the use of the cremation buildings for the funeral ceremony. The amounts charged will depend on the decorations required. Paupers will, in certain cases, have the right to have their dead incinerated free of cost.

Rum vs. Gum.

Munsey's Weekly.

He—Will you marry me?
She—Do you drink rum?
He—No; do you chew gum?

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES PERMANENTLY
Rheumatism
SOLD BY
Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

DOM PEDRO II.

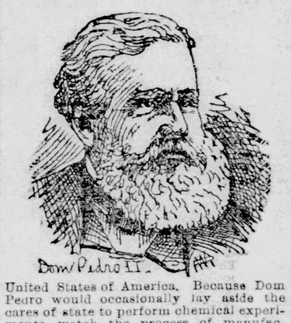
REMINISCENCES OF HIS REIGN.

An Insight into the Character of a Ruler With Many Hobbies.

Arms of the Empire.

DURING a residence of several months duration in Rio de Janeiro I had many opportunities to acquaint myself with the appearance and character of the then "constitutional emperor and perpetual defender of Brazil," Dom Pedro, the second of his name. Even the ordinary sight-seeing tourist, whose ubiquity is not so obvious in the metropolis of the southern hemisphere as it is in certain other portions of this globe, could then become reasonably well acquainted with His Imperial Majesty by meeting him in his frequent appearances among his subjects; and the inventor or representative of something new that touched the emperor's weakness for hobbies—or, to speak more respectfully, enlisted the interest of a learned and theoretical mind, could enjoy an intimacy seldom seen in so high a circle.

It is far from my purpose to attempt to depreciate the dignity of the good and philanthropic man who, for 49 years, ruled a country larger in extent than the United States of America. Because Dom Pedro would occasionally lay aside the cares of state to perform chemical experiments, watch the process of manufacture of shoes by machinery, discuss the mechanism of a printing press or study the workings of a donkey engine on board ship need not detract from the dignity of his position. He was a scholar of a monarchy by destiny, and a scholar by inclination. Bearing in mind the fact that he had mastered all the European languages, was deeply versed in science, well posted in mechanics and enthusiastic in the propagation of learning, it will be readily understood why some matters of apparently minor consequence frequently interested and diverted his mind from the precarious condition of statecraft about the throne.



Dom Pedro II.

My business in Rio brought me into personal contact with the emperor, and by a slight license of the term I may even claim to have been on speaking terms with him. He certainly spoke to me and I to him, which resulted in a lasting friendship—on my part. This fact is referred to in order to show that though I cannot claim to "know him like a book," I have reason for knowing him better than some books that have printed for selling purposes.

Among the foreign residents of Rio the foibles of Dom Pedro II. have long been the subject of facetious allusion, but within the gray haired, kindly faced patron of the arts and sciences has retained their universal respect. His gorgeous state carriage and accoutrements, with which he made his trips through the streets of his capital, may have impressed his subjects with awe, but invariably excited the risibilities of foreigners. The approach of the emperor's turn-out in the narrow streets was usually heralded by a great clatter of hoofs and wheels, preceded by a scampering lot of mixed humanity seeking shelter in doorways. Places of safety may be reached in time to see the cavalcade go by. First would come half a dozen mounted soldiers with drawn swords in their right hand, and cigarettes between their teeth, followed by a pair of mounted old chamberlains. Then came the coach, an old black trap, bedecked with tarnished gilt, drawn by a general thing by four yellow mules, loaded with heavy brass-mounted harness, driven by postilions, who would spur them into a gait that would make the coach go bumpity-bump over the cobblestone pavement, threatening disaster to the footmen who clung on behind for dear life. Within the coach would be seen the benignant face of His Majesty, who sometimes would pretend to be reading, perhaps to avoid too frequent acknowledgment of the respectful obeisance of subjects from their retreats in the niches of the walls. A squad of mounted soldiers, as awkward and careless as the first, brought up the rear of this travesty on regal pomp, and the people, ceasing to hug the walls, once more resumed their several ways.

Princess Isabel.

It often happened that the emperor thus started out on a surprise party expedition. The cavalcade would stop at a designated point, where His Majesty left his retinue and, accompanied by the chamberlains and a couple of guards on foot, would walk several squares to some factory or other establishment, enter unannounced, and express a wish to be shown over the place. These visits generally caused great confusion among the people of the establishment, whether native or foreign, who would have wished for at least a hint of the coming of so distinguished a visitor. The emperor, after seeing all there was to be seen, asking numerous questions to his own satisfaction, would return as he had come.

He had many words of encouragement for all new enterprises in his capital, and I heard him say, in good English, that he had a very high respect for the United States, and for the Yankee nations. His respect for the United States of America will doubtless not be extended to the United States of Brazil, since times have changed.

One Yankee notion in particular, which interested the genial monarch, was the telephone, and during the national exposition which was held in the latter part of 1881, the entire imperial family gave the invention a public trial, much to the mystification of some and amusement of others among the spectators. Dom Pedro was satisfactorily successful in talking through the machine and listening to the airs of a music box which was located at the central office of the telephone company, but Her Majesty, the Empress, a motherly old lady, afflicted with a slight lameness, alarmed at the first rattling noises that greeted her ear, dropped the phone and would have nothing more to do with it. The Conde d'Eu and his wife, the Crown Princess Dona Isabel, took their turn in experimenting with the telephone, after which, by the emperor's request, the machine was taken apart for his inspection and duly explained.

On this particular occasion, momentous in several ways, the American spectators of the scene learned that the emperor and empress in full figure were, when in public, addressed each other informally as "ma" and "pa," which terms are not diminutives, but the Brazilian pronunciation of the words for mother and father. This showed a charming simplicity of manner extremely rare in such circumstances.

If face and figure were the chief requisites of a monarch, Dom Pedro would grace the throne of any kingdom, principality or power in the world. Attired in the military suit he usually affected, he looked every inch a king, standing a head taller than most of those about him, straight as an arrow, the whiteness of hair and beard being the only indications of his advancing age. And yet Dom Pedro II. has been seen to participate in ecclesiastical processions and mummeries, where he was degraded to the lowest rank. Time was when this enlightened monarch—it is difficult to always say ex-monarch—could be seen on "feast days," walking bareheaded in a street procession, behind a mule which carried on its back a wooden mannikin of a saint. I am glad that I did not see the emperor in this role, and sorry that I did see him in one almost as unkinglike, participating in the ceremonies on the holiday known in the Brazilian calendar as the Dia dos Santos Reis—day of the holy kings. Such lapses of an enlightened ruler's dignity, together with his vain attempts to imitate the royal pomp of European monarchs, have been much commented upon by foreigners, especially United States Americans, but the personal merits of the man have overshadowed the weaknesses of the ruler.

Schools were Dom Pedro's special hobby, and many a man has done worse. He did all in his power to establish and maintain in the capital and provinces schools for boys, schools for girls, seminaries for both sexes and a college which bears his name. At every special event in the schools of the corte, as the capital city is generally called by natives, the emperor personally appeared to add encouragement and "assist" in the "function." I doubt whether the Brazilians will realize, in this century, the vast benefit conferred upon them and their descendants by this one of his majesty's many hobbies.

His other hobbies, before alluded to, have resulted in introducing into Brazil many civilizing institutions that have done much to advance other nations. In this he was opposed by his people, who objected to innovations, and thwarted by those near the throne who were rapaciously anxious to make money. Dom Pedro, in Brazil, was fifty years ahead of his country, and Brazil is a hundred years behind the United States. Under these circumstances, it is not unreasonable to suspect that the deposed emperor was not altogether unwilling to vacate his shaky throne and go to Europe with a great fortune and a truly kingly annual income assured. He can pass his remaining years in comfort and peace, to study, experiment and investigate if he pleases. He is to be congratulated.

That the abolition of the last monarchial government in America should have been delayed so long is attributable to several reasons. The popularity of the good emperor, who is not more popular than a president, had much to do with it, but I am convinced that the proverbial inborn procrastination of his subjects was an important factor. The Brazilian motto is "espero um pouco" (wait a little); he urges patience in all instances and everything possible is put off to *amanha* (to-morrow). The republican party has been gradually growing, but like the caged lion, knew not its real strength. For years the people have been writing and speaking and rioting about republicanism, and met the government party on an equal footing, and I verily believe that the result achieved so easily in November, 1889, would have been equally possible a decade sooner.

Wm. Reginald Ream

LONDON TAILORS' LOOSE MEASURES

An American Tells Why Clothes Made in England Do Not Fit.

Americans are mistaken in supposing London tailors to be the best. It was my misfortune to order some clothing from a Regent street tailor, and after selecting the goods I was asked to step into a back room to be measured. I began at once to divest myself of my coat. The cutter looked at me in amazement, told me that was quite unnecessary, and proceeded in his own way and by aid of a tape-measure to gauge my chest.

He did not even ask me to button my coat, but, as though he was in a hurry to finish a disagreeable job, he took my measure from shoulder to shoulder in a jiffy, and then from my collar button to my waist, then from my shoulder to my wrist, and, twirling me around, glanced at the length of my coat, uttered some mysterious words to a dull-witted boy, who was jotting down the figures in a ledger, smiled a self satisfied smile, and told me he was sure I would like the fit. I was a London correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*.

When he came to measure me for a vest he slipped the tape-measure in under my coat, measured my chest and waist, and said he knew exactly the vest I wanted. He took one glance at my trousers, measured my right leg from my waist to my foot, and then around the knee, and said the clothes would be ready the following night. I intimated that I was used to a little more careful measurement and that I hardly expected she clothes would suit me.

The tailor replied, in an unconcerned sort of way, that he was sorry for me; that I was simply an American, and, like all Americans, I had never been used to wearing clothes that fitted me. He did not consider that any American tailor knew his business. In the matter of cutting clothing, he said, the London tailors were unsurpassed. They never made a coat too tight for a man, and the trousers were never too small.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
Recommended by Physicians
of all schools, for the brain, nerves and stomach.

The Human Factor in Slums.

Mr. Frederick Greenwood, in a discussion in the *Nineteenth Century* of the problem of "Misery in great cities," maintains that the slums and squalid dens that abound in London and other enormous cities "correspond far more than most kind souls are willing to perceive to the measure of depravity and the weakness of the human mind; and at the same time to the proportion of incapables in a state of society which does not allow its incapables to perish." Every village and town has its bad spots and its centers of degraded population, corresponding in extent with its size; and it is only the vast extent of the misshed in London, commensurate with the dimensions of the city, and the appalling magnitude of the problem which it suggests, that excite so much commiseration and alarm. Hence it may be concluded that any local and spasmodic efforts to ameliorate the evils that exist are destined only to a very limited success, and that permanent advantage is likely to accrue from measures that tend to raise the general social condition.

Giving Full Particulars.

In teaching his boys the composition of sentences, a schoolmaster said to them, "If I ask you, 'What have I got in my hand?' you must not answer 'Chalk,' but compose a full sentence and say, 'You have chalk in your hand.' Now we will go on. What have I on my feet?"

"Boots," was the immediate answer.

"Wrong. You haven't listened to my directions."

"Stockings," returned another heedless one.

"Wrong again; worse than ever," wrathfully cried the master. "Well" he continued, interrogatively, to a lad near.

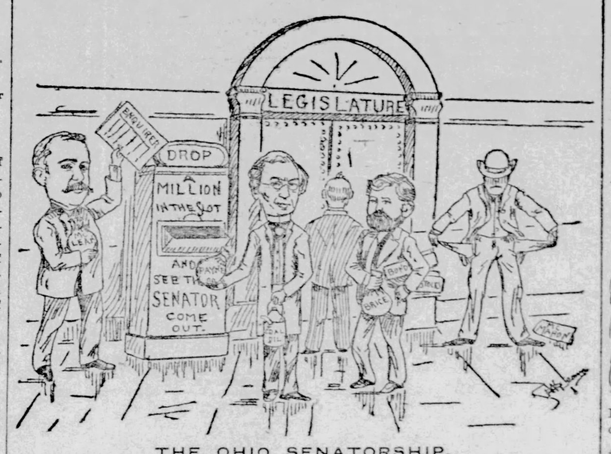
"Please, sir——" Then he paused. Perhaps he thought his answer might seem funny, but convinced that it was right, he gasped out recklessly "Corns!"

Sad Result of Exposure.

Grafton—"Aw—what's the mattaw, deah boy? Spwained your wist?"

"Naw—rheumatism. Left one of me rings off the other day, ye know, and caught cold in me fingaw."—[Munsey's Weekly.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.



THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

FOR MEN MUST WORK.

We had been traveling together for a week or more, he in one line of trade and I in another. He was an impulsive, open-hearted man, intensely loyal to his house, and living for his family. It was good to hear him speak of his wife. Not that he made orations about her, but the few words he said were full and running over with love, trust and loyalty.

Thank God, marriage is not a failure. If it were I would not hourly hear, as I do, men speak so fervently of their wives and of their homes. I would not see them, as I do, denying themselves everything but labor and cares that they may give comfort and happiness to those they love.

But I never met a man who was so entirely engrossed in his family as my friend. Of his wife he spoke only incidentally, yet such few words as he said were a crown of glory to her. Of his boy he would talk day and night, and he bubbled over with joyousness when he mentioned him.

I can see him as plainly, while I write this, as I saw him that morning in Lafayette. I never saw a man more content, or better pleased, and I seem to hear him rattle on about his boy, as if he were speaking to me now from the next room.

He had been two weeks from home; he had been working with mind and body; he had been successful, and success meant a wider world for those he loved.

Is it not strange that men can so completely crush themselves out of mind? That they can so thoroughly sink themselves out of sight, and live, breathe, and exist alone for the home circle of their love? One may well say, "Love, sweet love, makes the world go round." 'Tis love that keeps the world young, and that causes earth and heaven to meet.

I smiled as I saw him take the letter from the landlord, and I knew it would not be long until I was hearing new stories about that boy; that wonderful thirteen months' old boy.

When I went into the reading-room he was still studying his letter, but he hailed me (just as I knew he would), and said: "Old fellow, I'm sorry you haven't got a boy. I tell you, there's nothing in the whole world so interesting to a man as his boy. Girls are nice; I've got one, and she's a darling. But, some how, a boy touches a man's pride and hopes; a girl snuggles down into his heart."

"I see," said, "I think I have heard you say something like that before. But while you are singing songs about that wonderful boy, I think I will go out and try to sell a bill of goods."

"No, sit down; I will go with you in a moment. See, here's a picture of the boy. Now, honestly, isn't he an Adonis?"

I admitted that he was, and indeed the face was a wonderfully bright one for a child of that age. I looked at it long and enjoyed it.

"Let me read you a little of this. The mother writes:

You will be astonished when you see how Fred has grown in the two weeks you have gone. He don't seem to walk, he takes a change. I know that you will see this even more than I do. He has caught several new words, he walks and steps firmly, and is quite a boy. I think he is well, but when you are away I am always anxiously watching the children, and fancying that I see danger. He was restless last night, but seems very bright to-day, and he wants papa, as we all do.

"There, sir," said he, "think of being the father of a fine boy like that! That letter is worth a hundred dollars to me. I'm going to do the biggest business here to-day that I've done in a month. I'm going to work for that boy——"

Just then a messenger boy came in and held out an envelope, asking which of us was Mr Swift.

My friend took the book, signed it, tore the envelope carelessly, lit his cigar, and then drew out the dispatch. These were no uncommon messengers to him: his business required constant and close communication with headquarters, and the wires were used daily.

I started for my samples, but I stopped. I heard Swift's voice, but so changed I turned to him to see the cause. Said he: "Read it, read it." He handed me the letter he had just read, and pointing to the place, said, "Please read that aloud." I read it to him. "Yes," said he, "that's the way I read it; I thought I must have read it wrong. Now read this."

He handed me the dispatch. I was in a tremor; I felt that something was buried in that letter. I started to read it aloud, but my voice failed me.

"Read it," he said. "I can't see it very well."

I read:

The baby has just died, after a sickness of a few hours.

It was signed by the physician.

I could not look at him. I handed him the dispatch and sat down.

"I must look up the trains," he said, and then, his voice breaking, "Just think of the mother having this burden upon her and I not there." And he passed out.

I said to myself, "What a wonderful love hath this man! No thoughts for himself, even under this cruel blow; his pity is for his wife."

I passed out to my business. He hurried home to his dead.

WM. H. MAHER.

A Single-Day Flower.

A French paper gives a fascinating account of a newly-discovered flower, of which rumors have from time to time reached the ears of florieulturists. It is called the snow flower, and is said to have been discovered by Count Anthoskoff in the most northern portion of Siberia, where the ground is continuously covered with frost. This wonderful object shoots forth from the frozen soil only on the first day of each succeeding year. It shines but for a single day, and then resolves to its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and each about three inches in diamater. They are developed only on that side of the stem toward the north, and each seems covered with microscopic crystals of snow.

The flower when it opens is star-shaped, its petals of the same length as the leaves, and about half an inch in width. On the third day the extremities of the anthers, which are five in number, show minute glistening specks like diamonds, about the size of a pin's head, which are the seeds of this wonderful flower. Anthoskoff collected some of these seeds and carried them with him to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow, where they remained for some time. On the first of the following January the miraculous snowflower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering Russian royalty.

An Extended Popularity. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

It Was Very Funny.

New York World.

During the visit of the South American junketers to St. Louis the other day an exhibition of the fire department was given, and a large crowd gathered in front of the Southern hotel. Some of the firemen turned a hose on the spectators, and gave them a good ducking, by way of illustrating the wild Western sense of humor.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

"NUMBER FORTY-FOUR."

A Reminiscence of a Carnival of Death —Gen. Dan's Orders.

COMRADES of the Camp Fire, here is a significant piece of information which I found in THE BLADE, October 31, among the list of 50 of New York's rich men; and it is just this that has caused me to write up what follows, taken from my "Army Diary," which I find recorded under date of June 23, 1864:

44. GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD —Worth $4,000,000; wife; no children; thirteen servants; six horses; town house No. 60 Fifth avenue; country house "Cragside," Coldspring-on-the Hudson. Collects rare Indian birds and musical instruments; spends $200,000 a year.

And that same Gen. Dan was as good a soldier and as brave as any of them. I'm glad he is so rich. Now, let me reproduce a page out of the record, as written on the day when first I saw this four-times millionaire. It was in the midst of a battle's roar and rage, down in Georgia. Here is the page:

June 23, 1864—Evening.—On guard tonight. How still it is after the tumult, and the carnival of death. The grass-clad earth beneath my feet gives back no sound responsive to my tread. And so I pan but give free rein to the thoughts that bring me pain, while in fancy I see the battle fought again. Waking, the weary walking, thinking, thinking—back and forth I go, between the guns and caissons, and then around the park of battery; but only for a short time, and the second relief, the very welcome relief, will come to give me freedom.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. We do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Making Carbolic Acid.

Chemist, Commera, Iowa: The following method of obtaining pure carbolic acid from coal tar is given by Hugo Mueller (Zeitschrift fur Chemie, 1865, page 270): The aqueous solution obtained by treating coal tar with caustic soda or milk of lime, or a mixture of the two, which contains, beside carbolic acid, certain easily oxidizable substances and a not inconsiderable quantity of naphthaline, is diluted with water as long as naphthaline is thereby precipitated, and the liquid, which soon turns dark brown, is exposed to the air in shallow vessels for several days, and frequently stirred. The brown solution is then filtered, the quantity of carbolic acid contained in a given quantity of it is determined, and the proportion of acid required to precipitate the entire amount is calculated therefrom. If, now, one-sixth to one-eighth of this quantity of acid be added to the liquid, with constant stirring, the resinous substances altered by the action of the air are first precipitated, together with larger or smaller quantities of creosol and xylol. A further addition of acid precipitates chiefly cresol, and after a few trials it is generally possible so to adjust the quantity of acid that the third and last precipitation shall yield nearly pure carbolic acid, which crystallizes after single distillation. As even a small quantity of water prevents its crystallization, it is necessary to remove this water completely by heating the carbolic acid nearly to the boiling point, while a stream of dry air is passed over it. The crystallization may be accelerated by cooling or by the introduction of a small quantity of crystallized carbolic acid. Crude carbolic acid, such as is obtained from coal tar distilleries, may be conveniently purified by treating it several times in succession with soda ley. The first extracts contain the purer product; the precipitation of the carbolic acid, must, however, be preceded by distillation with water and exposure to the air. Carbolic acid commonly contains a small quantity of a very disagreeably smelling sulphur compound (phenyl sulphide) which may be removed by distillation over a small quantity of lead oxide. For the preparation of crystallized carbolic acid Bickerdike recommends that the commercial product purified by one rectification, be dehydrated with quick lime, and then one ounce of sulphate of copper. The distillate solidifies for most part at 16 deg. C., especially in contact with solid carbolic acid. (2.) As vitriol is a soluble sulphate of either of the metals, there are, consequently, several kinds of vitriol in commerce, namely, white vitriol, a sulphate of zinc; blue vitriol, a sulphate of copper; green vitriol, a sulphate of iron; and red vitriol, a sulphate of cobalt. The term vitriol is also generally applied to the corrosive fluids known as sulphuric acid, sometimes called oil of vitriol. As you have not specified which of these you desire to know how to make we cannot answer your question more fully.

The Debt of the States.

J. W. Barr, Geneva, Ind., writes: "Some time ago, on looking over a work giving statistics of many things in the United States, I was forcibly struck by the great difference between the debts of states which, as a rule, usually have been Democratic, and those which were controlled by the Republican party. All of the former class, except Kentucky, have heavy state debts, some of them very much so, while of the latter class some have very great debts, and some almost no debt—Massachusetts having the largest. The book was non-partisan, and I made the political classification. I counted New York as Republican, being guided by the fact that its legislature has generally been Republican, and for the same reason I classed Indiana as Democratic. The debts as given, were for 1888. If correct, it certainly shows that it makes a very material difference to the people as to which party controls the financial affairs of their state. Please give, in the BUREAU, the debts of the different states."

Following is a statement of the net debt of the various states, from the latest available statistics:

NET DEBT.	
Maine	$ 22,406,850
New Hampshire	10,724,170
Vermont	4,352,168
Massachusetts	91,239,913
Rhode Island	13,102,790
Connecticut	22,901,661
New York	218,723,314
New Jersey	49,347,102
Pennsylvania	114,034,759
Delaware	2,346,858
Maryland	10,886,006
District of Columbia	22,675,459
Virginia	42,039,909
West Virginia	1,913,424
North Carolina	8,194,600
South Carolina	13,345,938
Georgia	19,681,602
Florida	2,626,509
Alabama	14,728,945
Mississippi	2,013,190
Louisiana	42,865,952
Texas	11,604,913
Arkansas	7,938,784
Kentucky	24,977,881
Tennessee	37,387,900
Ohio	48,756,454
Indiana	18,519,437
Illinois	44,942,422
Michigan	8,803,144
Wisconsin	11,876,992
Iowa	7,962,767
Minnesota	8,476,664
Missouri	57,487,384
Kansas	16,005,853
Nebraska	7,425,797
Colorado	3,594,266
Nevada	1,024,523
Oregon	848,502
California	16,755,688

Fineness of Gold Coins—The "Caliber" of Arms

E. A., Theresa, N. Y.: 1.—The fineness of United States gold coins is not rated by carats. The law provides that they shall be made of metal containing nine-tenths pure gold and one-tenth alloy; this is standard fineness, and such metal is called "standard gold." The alloy used in this country is composed of 9-10 copper and 1-10 silver, which combination is used that the coin may have the true color of gold. The practice of different countries varies as to the amount of alloy used in gold coins. Great Britain uses 1-12 alloy; France, Spain, Belgium, and some other countries use 1-10 alloy, and some 2-10. Expressed in carats, the standard fineness of British gold coins is 22 carats; of United States gold coins, 21 and 19-32 carats. Absolutely pure gold is 24 carats.

2.—The questioner asks: "How is the caliber of gun-barrels measured, and what is the size of a '10-bore' or a '12-bore' gun?" The terms "10-bore," "12-bore," etc., refer to the old method of determining caliber. The word "caliber" is from the Spanish, meaning "of what weight;" it was applied first to the weight, and afterward to the diameter of a spherical bullet, the latter being, of course, also the diameter of the gun-barrel. Thus, "10-bore" means a bore of the size that ten spherical lead bullets will weigh one pound; "12-bore," that twelve weigh a pound, etc. The terms are now applied to rifles, revolvers, etc., as well as guns, in hundredths of an inch. A 22-caliber means that the barrel measures 22-100 of an inch in diameter, etc.

"Indian Summer"—Chinese Exclusion.

Passim, Potwin, Kan., asks: 1.—"What is the cause of Indian summer?" The season of Indian summer—a period of calm, moderately warm weather in November—is by no means a phenomenal thing. It is common to both north and south temperate zones, and all round the world. Some persons imagine it to be peculiar to this country, but it is not so. As the sun after reaching the Tropic of Cancer, travels southward, crossing the Equator on September 20-21, the diminution of heat causes atmospheric commotions, and we have periods of storm and cold waves. Then, along in November, the conditions apparently equalize themselves, and we have a period of calm weather, called in this count y "Indian summer." In Western Europe this time is called "St. Martin's summer," because it follows closely that saint's day, which is November 11. Shakespeare says: "Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days."

2.—The Chinese exclusion law, passed in 1888, is simply a modification of that of May 6, 1882, which expires, by its own limitation, on May 6, 1892. Of course the amendment expires with the original law; and unless new legislation is enacted before that date the United States will be open to unrestricted Chinese immigration after May 6, 1892. Read "New Phases in the Chinese Problem," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for December, just issued. 3.—The several state constitutions prescribe the mode of determining the number of representatives and senators in the state legislature. Get a copy of your state constitution of any lawyer, and read it.

Cleveland's Political Views.

W. S., Plainfield, Ill., writes: "If ex-President Cleveland is as bad a man as the Republicans tried to make out he was during last fall's campaign, why should he be cheered so wherever he goes and whenever his name is mentioned? Please tell me in which of his messages did he recommend free trade?"

We were not aware that the Republicans, to any extent, "tried to make out" that Mr. Cleveland is a "bad" man in any political sense. They oppose his political views, of course; and we think that if you will look over the files of any leading Republican paper, like THE BLADE, for last year's campaign, you will find the criticism of Mr. Cleveland was on political grounds, not personal. 2.—Mr. Cleveland advocated a tariff for revenue only in his message to Congress of December, 1887. No country has absolute free trade; even England imposes a duty on certain imported articles. But the term "free trade" is used to mean a tariff for revenue only, with all protective features excluded. So far as protecting your wheat field from stray cattle is concerned, a fence only two rails high would be of no value. You might as well have no fence at all. So with the tariff. One too low to protect is the same as no tariff at all, or free trade. Hence the use of the term. Your other questions evince such a lack of information on the tariff that we will discuss them editorially (on the 4th page of the Weekly) next week.

Sunrise and Sunset on June 21.

W. H. R., Darlington, Ind., writes: Is not the answer to "W. F. A.," of Sumner, Ill., in November 7th's Bureau incorrect, when you say: "If you were on the Tropic of Cancer on the 21st day of June the sun would rise and set due east and west?" Is not the Tropic of Cancer the farthest point north that the sun is at zenith at noon on the 21st day of June? Is it not a fact that the sun rises and sets due east and west at the equator only on that date? And, also, is it not a fact that the only time the sun rises and sets due east and west at the Tropic of Cancer, as well as other places on the earth, except in the neighborhood of the poles, is on the vernal and autumnal equinoxes? And, is it not also another fact that the sun rises and sets due east and west on the equator all the year round?"

F. A. C., Gorin, Mo., also writes: "At no place on the earth does the sun rise due east and west on the 21st day of June. The nearer you are to the equator the more nearly it sets due east and west, and the further north from the equator the further it sets north of due east and west."

The subject is open for discussion, brethren. Give your authorities, however! We still hold the opinion formerly given, and wait for authoritative proof before changing it. Name the text-book on astronomy, giving page, on which the proof is found that THE BLADE is wrong.

Alien Immigration—The "Know Nothings."

J. G., ——, Ill.: 1.—The objections to foreign immigration are chiefly to undesirable races, like the Chinese, Hungarians, Arabs, etc.; and to pauper or criminal classes of other undesirable classes. The argument is that no one should be allowed to come here who will not make a good citizen, who will not accept our language, customs and institutions in good faith, and prove industrious and useful to the community in which he may reside.

2.—The Native American, or "Know Nothing" party had for its leading principle that "Americans must rule America." The national platform of 1856 had a plank declaring that foreign born citizens should not be voted in this country 21 years before being allowed to vote or hold office. The party was especially hostile to the Roman Catholic church, which it declared to be the enemy of free institutions, and that the Pope was scheming for control the United States by securing the spread of that church until it would embrace a majority of the voters, when any law that the church pleased would be passed, and there would be no remedy. The conflict over the extension of slavery broke up the party.

The "Toledo War."

M. A., Pontiac, Mich.: 1.—The ordinance of 1787 was for the government of the unorganized country northwest of the Ohio river, as far west as the Mississippi. It was explained in full in the BLADE of August 24. 2.—The "Toledo War" was a quarrel between the states of Ohio and Michigan over the exact location of the boundary between the two states. That boundary was, by the enabling act of Congress under which Ohio was organized in 1802, "an east and west line drawn from the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan." The maps of that day were imperfect, and Lake Michigan's southend was placed much further north than it really is. When the maps were defective was discovered by the Ohio constitutional convention, which, in the constitution, repeated the words quoted above from the enabling act, but disputed that it that line from the southern end of Lake Michigan should intersect Lake Erie east of the mouth of the Maumee river, then the northern boundary should be a direct line from the southern bend of Lake Michigan to the most northerly cape of Maumee bay. The matter was settled by Congress passing a law fixing the boundary as at present.

The Moon and Tight Bark.

A. B. R., Lucas, Kan.: 1.—Postmaster General Wanamaker is the same John Wanamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, but not the Wanamaker of Wanamaker & Brown. 2.—If a power of attorney is to be used in any case where the wife's consent or signature is required, she must also sign it. All such queries, however, should be asked of a lawyer conversant with the statutes of your own state. 3.—This correspondent asks: "Is there anything in the theory with the bark of trees, at least. He objects to our answer in a recent number that the moon has no influence on vegetation, saying: "I have in the east peeled hemlock bark for tanning in the latter end, found it to be a fact that during new moon bark come off very easy but soon as moon changed, had to wait till it came round again, or dig very hard to get it off." Probably there was some good reason why Congress should not be until next spring. We are growing somewhat weary of repeating this reply nearly every week. 3.—A railway postal clerk's duties are the same as those of the distributors in offices in any large postoffice; he must know on what route every postoffice in his division and beyond, and on all connecting lines, is located, and be able to distribute mail properly.

The Stars on Our Flag and Coins.

W. S. R., Richmond, Mich., writes: "I read in a paper a statement that in Washington's time the stars on the flag and those on our coins corresponded, but now the stars on the coins are six-pointed. Will you please tell me when and why they were changed." The number of points on the stars on our coinage is not fixed by law, and it is probable that the engraver who made the dies found that a six-pointed star would stamp better and wear better than one of five points. It is a very trivial matter, not worth your attention. Life is too short to waste on such things.

Union Deserters.

Reader, Leelan, O.: There has been no law passed relieving all deserters from their disabilities, nor is there the faintest possibility of such a thing. Those who had served six months, and deserted on or after April 9, 1865 (the date of Lee's surrender), can have their disabilities removed, on proper application. All who deserted before that date are under the ban, and will remain so.

Miscellaneous.

M. B., Elmer, Mo.: March 29, 1873, came on Saturday.

W. E. B., Union City, Tenn.: It is not true that the people in China are exempt from consumption.

Reader, Toledo, O.: For stammering, consult some good physician, or ask him to name some specialist in that line.

C. H. B., Luther, Mich.: There is no "Ohio state land office." Better write to Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, secretary of state, Columbus, Ohio.

E. A. R., Ontario, O.: A note given on Sunday or other legal holiday is legal, and collectible by law, in Ohio, though it is not in some of the other states.

J. K. B., Atchison, Kan.: You will find a full description of Wyandotte cave in the Bureau of Oct. 17. It is not as large, nor nearly so well known as Mammoth cave.

J. F., Cameron, Ill.: We have not a copy of the poem, "Jenny McNeil's Ride." If some one will send us a copy, we will publish it in THE BLADE, if not too long.

R. H., Samaria, Mich.: The employes of libraries in cities are appointed by the trustees. It will be difficult, we fancy, to get such a place, if you do not reside in the city where located.

"Constant Reader," Attica, N. Y.: A king or queen wears the crown on the very greatest occasions of state only. When not in use, they are kept in some secure place where they will be safe.

Subscriber, Ulysses, Kan.: Better write to the Register of the United States land office at Taylor's Falls, St. Cloud, Duluth, Fergus Falls, Worthington, Crookston, Benson, Tracy, or Redwood Falls, Minnesota.

——, Green Spring, O.: Nothing can truthfully be said in favor of monopolies and trusts advancing the interests of the people of the United States. They are organizations to make money from the people by controlling the supply of an article and increasing the price.

G. H. H., Churchville, N. Y., asks: "Can you give me any information about two dressed hogs at the Centennial at Philadelphia, that were on exhibition, weight, and where raised?" We can not. If any reader can do so, we shall be glad to publish the information.

"Reader," Toledo, O.: We do not know of any way of removing ink-stains from the surface of a fair-leather valise without leaving a stain equally as noticeable. In sending questions, always send your name—not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. See Rule 1 above.

L. L. D., Dayton, Ind.: It is impossible to find the church affiliations of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Nobody knows, and nobody ought to care. A man's religious views should be considered a private matter, and nobody's concern but his own, in this country.

J. L. G., Joy, O.: The exact area of the state of Ohio is 41,060 square miles. Ohio is almost a square, 200 miles long by 200 broad. The area lost on the northern border by the downward sweep of the southern coast of Lake Erie is nearly compensated by the vast bend of the Ohio river to the southward.

F. H. P., ——: 1.—We do not know whether the Missouri is navigable for a small steam launch as far as Yellowstone Park. 2.—The census enumerators will be appointed by the census bureau on the advice of the supervisors. The salaries have nothing whatever to do with the census. It is a federal matter entirely.

B., Summerfield, Kan., asks: "Do other countries have such meetings among the rural communities, which we call "country schoolhouse literary societies," or is it confined to, in different forms, Germany principally in England London and the other great cities are full of clubs, etc., which debate public questions in the same way.

C. M. M., Manning, Kas.: 1.—Washington received a regular salary as general while in command of the army. How much it was per year we do not know, but we have not the figures at hand. 2.—Whether a person can hold a township and a county office at the same time depends upon the law in each state. Consult your state statutes.

C. M., Lowden, Iowa: We do not understand what you mean by "three-link" glass prisms. If you mean prisms for optical pu rposes, any dealer in optical or philosophical apparatus can furnish them. Consult the business cards. 2.—The pendants, we do not know where to get them, unless some manufacturer of chandeliers, etc., could furnish them.

C. C., Pleak's Corner, Ill.: We do not know of any "Seven Years' View." Do you refer to the "Thirty Years' View," of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, being a history of our politics for the thirty years he was an United States Senator—from 1820 to 1850? 2.—Any school grammar will enable you to prepare a synopsis of the verb "to vote."

F. P., Kanona, Kan.: It is entirely probable, if the water-courses and dry canons of the West were dammed, so as to form extensive reservoirs for the water from the melting snows, etc., that the climate would be relieved much more moist and the rainfall be increased; but it would be a work requiring uncounted millions of dollars to accomplish.

G. W. G., Arrington, Kan.: 1.—The common horse-shoe magnet is made of steel, and is charged with magnetism by means of a galvanic battery. 2.—Lodestone is the magnetic oxide of iron, and samples can be purchased of any dealer in philosophical and chemical apparatus. 3.—A small leaf-book on natural physics will give you full information on the leading facts in magnetism.

O. W., Blackburn, Ill.: 1.—We do not recall the "boy prodigy" of Georgia of about 20 years ago. If any reader can inform us, we will publish it. 2.—Baron Cuvier was a most distinguished French naturalist, born in 1769, died in 1832. 3.—You ask, "Why two houses of Representatives?" We do not know what you mean. Make your question plainer.

H. A. M., Vernon, Tex.: The Blair education bill is dead, as are the thousands of other measures introduced in the last Congress, but not passed. Every two years, at the end of each Congress, all pending measures die. The last Congress passed nothing over the vetoes March 4 last. If Senator Blair introduces another educational bill in the coming Congress, we shall publish it, and discuss it editorially.

Reader, Wakeman, O.: 1.—All that the cables told of the recently-discovered subterranean river in France was given in the Weekly BLADE of Oct. 31, in "News of the Week," 8th page. 2.—We do not understand what you mean by "the latest system by which mail is carried in Philadelphia." If you will tell us what you know or have heard about it, we will try to answer.

E. W. Farnsworth, Dak.: 1.—Inquire of the nearest United States land office. 2.—Legal holidays are fixed by the state government, and differ in the various states. Your legislature will doubtless enact a law on the subject, if there is not already a territorial law in force. 3.—There is no mortgage on the White House at Washington, nor has there ever been. The government does not mortgage its property.

X. Y. Z., Lagro, Ind.: The "Veiled Prophets" is a name adopted by an association in St. Louis, in imitation of a similar one in New Orleans which makes a beautiful street display annually on Mardi Gras. The object is, first, amusement; second, to attract visitors to the city, and thus benefit the merchants. The name is an allusion to the "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

E. S. R., North Industry, O.: We never heard of "Erastus" Vallandigham. You probably refer to the noted Clement L. Vallandigham, who was accused of the defense of one charged with murder. Vallandigham's theory was that the dead man had shot himself accidentally in drawing his own pistol; and in explaining his theory, Mr. Vallandigham's pistol went off, inflicting a mortal wound. We think it was at Lebanon, Ohio, but are not sure.

Reader, Milford, Neb.: 1.—The Trenton watch we sell has a nickel case; two holes jewelled—the pivots of the balance wheel. 2.—It is not true that "all the farmer gets for his beef is high." There is hardly a article he has to buy that is not cheaper to-day than it has been for a quarter of a century, especially of manufactured articles. As to the low prices of farm crops, read the article on the editorial third page, entitled "Primary Tariff Facts," in next week's BLADE.

J. A. T., McComb, O.: 1.—There is no state law in Ohio regarding peddlers' licenses. That is left to city councils to regulate. 2.—Sec. 6080, Revised Statutes of Ohio, allows a passenger to block a road crossing but five minutes. If he takes longer time, he can be fined $5 to $20. 3.—The Ohio law forbids a male tramp to stay on a man's property after he is ordered off, or to threaten damage to person or property, or to carry concealed weapons, under penalty of from one to three years in the penitentiary.

H. R. C., Tex.: 1.—We have always heard Rider Haggard's name pronounced as it is spelled. 2.—There is a difference of opinion as to how the name of George Eliot's novel, "Romola," is pronounced. It is called "Romo-la" in "Brewster's Reader's Hand-Book"—accent on the first; the o in the second long, as in "rope," and the a in the third as in "ask, past," etc. We prefer this pronunciation. The name "Deland" is pronounced, by the French, "De-lond," accent on the second. 3.—The books you name are furnished in paper covers at 50 cents each.

W. E. G., Omaha, Neb.: Boston, Mass., has at present the greatest number of miles of electric street railway. It has now 31 miles, but they are changing all the street lines to electricity—253 miles in all. 2.—Cleopatra was the last queen of Egypt. The Bureau of August 15 last had a half-column biography of her, to which we refer you. 3.—We have no idea where the largest smelting works in this country are located. What kind of smelting? Iron, lead, silver, or what metal? If any one will give us the location of the largest works, we will publish it.

B., Gallup, Ky.: 1.—The late transatlantic cables are about an inch in diameter. 2.—The first cables were smaller. The shore ends, and the portion which crosses a range of submarine mountains 100 miles or so to the west of Ireland, are much heavier than the remainder. 3.—The difficulty of the child in pronouncing labials and sibilants may be due to some defect in the organs of speech, in which case it is hopeless; or it may depend on himself, which is more likely. Have some competent physician examine him, and advise a remedy, if the latter be the case.—Send your full name hereafter if you want answers.

S. M., Wauseon, O.: 1.—The first Atlantic cable was laid Aug. 5, 1858. There were 400 messages sent over it up to Sept. 1, when its working became so bad that no further business was accepted. 2.—We do not recall any particular "Senatorial trio" during Taylor's administration; but Clay, Webster and Calhoun were the three leading men of the Senate then. If you had in mind where you had found the phrase, we might have been the better able to help you. Always send us what you know yourself, in order that we may be the better able to get on the track of what you want to know.

Pauline, Trenton, Mo., writes: "Good colleges are now so numerous that any young girl or boy of limited means can secure a college education by merely trying." So I have read in many places, but if some one will give an account of how it is done and how it can be done they will greatly oblige a young girl who wishes very much to obtain a college education. The person I have in mind has had a good common school education, and she craves for a higher one. Her family are in good circumstances, but have not the ready money that is necessary to send their daughter to college. She would like very much to know of a way in which she can obtain her desire.

Teacher, Walnut Grove, Ill.: 1.—The name of the poet Longfellow is pronounced A-ken-side, the first give the sound of a in fate, the other two pronounced as spelled; accent on the first. "Dora" is pronounced Do-ray, accent on the second; Ellen is Ellen, as in "high." "Bluebird" is pronounced "Bee-dah," accent on the first. "Synallaxis" is pronounced "Sin-al-lax-iss," accent on the third. "Raphael" is pronounced "Raf-a-el," accent on the first; the second is long, as in fate. "Ptolemy" is pronounced "Tol-e-my," accent on the first; second syllable long e, and the y in the last like short i in "unit." "Sycophenician" is pronounced "Sec-o-fee-nish-an," accent on the second. 2.—It is a matter of opinion whether law or medicine requires the greater natural endowments to lead to success. 3.—The better education one has, the better the chances of success in either of these things being equal.

J. W. S., Pomona, Kan.: 1.—Both statements are correct. Sec. Wisdom simply said, in effect, that he had not reversed or abandoned the policy of leaving money in the hands of national banks. He did not say that he would not do so. 2.—The news item in the Weekly BLADE of Oct. 24, simply said that Chili had removed the duty on machinery, etc., when imported from the United States, but not when imported from other countries. As Chili does not manufacture these articles, the duty thereon is a tax paid by the buyer. Under the new order, they can be bought cheaper of us than of any one else, because when bought of us no duty is paid, and when bought elsewhere there is. Every nation wants other countries to admit her products free, of course. 3.—The Secretary of the Treasury can issue silver certificates to the amount of all silver coin deposited with him. We do not think any limit is set by law.

THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

Some of the Difficulties Encountered with the New System.

Boston Post.

The recount of the votes of the city in the recent election, begun late yesterday, already disclose some of the lapses in voting which were in part anticipated. Admirable as the new system is, education and familiarity with the provisions of the Australian ballot are necessary to its use, and before it can carry out the intentions of the voter. Many of the ballots thus far recounted show a want of knowledge of the place where the cross should be placed—it sometimes being found on the left hand of the name, often above, and frequently outside the square on the right. "Voting" was interpreted, too, in cases, where the mark was placed at every second name throughout the ballot. The times when the candidate for governor alone was voted for were noticeable. Most important, however, is the danger which is incurred under the new system with a crowd. Where, as in Boston, a number of aldermen a candidate whose election depends upon one, two, or more votes may be easily counted in or out by the whim of the counters, and a pencil mark inserted may add to throw out his vote, as in the case where two representatives other than himself have already been marked—obviously, the ballot marked for three representatives would be cancelled for all. This suggests that in the next legislature an amendment should be introduced providing that an official stamp opposite the name voted for should be used at the polls, with a heavy penalty for using a spurious stamp. The advance already made in purifying the ballot under the law is in the highest degree encouraging, but there is still need to guard against what under the pressure of the mass of detail escaped attention, and is still left to injure its honest operation.

NUNS WITH SHINING SHAVED HEADS

A Curious Temple in Japan—Decorated with Hairpins and Odd Things.

On a hill back of the main temple is an octagonal temple that is the most curious one I have seen in Japan, and that satisfies one's love of the novel, strange and picturesque in such edifices. The place is filled and covered with votive offerings from those who have been restored to health or had prayers answered.

The outside is half nailed over with little six-inch square boards on which are painted the suffering pilgrims who have been cured, and a ledge is heaped high with awls, which the deaf offer up when their hearing is restored.

Locks of hair, short swords and devices in coins are hung up as offerings of gratitude on the doors. Inside there is a circular altar containing old statues and sacred images, and its base is heaped high with hilts, sharp swords and round metal mirrors, until not a bit of the woodwork can be seen.

Helmets and bits of armor are put wherever possible, and the long shell hair-pins of Japanese women have been woven with silk cords into curtains or screens between the posts supporting the dome.

All around the walls and over the rafters as far up into the darkness as one can see, the walls are covered with short swords ranged closely side by side, by overlapping metal mirrors, sword hilts, bows, arrows, coins and curious weapons and pieces of armor.

The temple is such an extraordinary curio itself, and its contents so unique, that its loss by fire would seem to be more than that of any other building at Horiuji, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. Near it is a nunnery where a family of women, with shining, shaved heads and wearing the same gowns and garments as priests, have their altars and images, daily services, and lead the same life in every way as the priests.

THE CANARY BIRD'S MESSAGE.

How an Insane Lady Was Rescued From Cruel Treatment.

In a garden of Berlin a canary bird was found bearing on its neck a small note. The address was unusual, "An den lieben Gott" (To the good Lord). The finder broke the seal and found a sincere message, in accordance with the direction.

It was written by a lady, an inmate of a private asylum. The unfortunate one, pleading for relief from her sad condition, asked a speedy death. She complained that the misrule and self-will of a rude female attendant was the cause of her suffering. All explanations to her relatives were vain, because this attendant attributed her complainings to a diseased mind, and punished her for attempting to make known her situation.

The benevolent individual who found the note, determined to investigate the matter. The lady's name was subscribed in full, so that her friends were easily found. She was removed to another institution, and in a few months the best wishes of her friends were gratified. She was fully restored.

The Turks and the Crescent.

The crescent was not originally an emblem of the Turk. It was first used by the primitive Christians of Constantinople and the eastern provinces of the old Roman empire as an emblem of the growing influence of Christianity. It was not until about the year 1453, after the Turks had overrun Asia Minor and parts of Southeastern Europe, and had captured Constantinople that the Turks adopted the crescent as their national emblem. The Koran prohibits the use of images and symbols in the religious ceremonies of the strict Turk, or the internal decorations of their temples and mosques, the rule being so strict as not to allow the martial or civic decoration of their greatest generals or pashas, successful commanders or other distinguished persons. The adoption of the crescent by the Turk as a national emblem is an oddity which has, so far, remained unexplained.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done

Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks Experience of a prominent Citizen

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.

C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MR. MORTON'S NEW DINING ROOM.

How the Vice President's Residence Has Been Equipped for Entertaining.

SOON, now, one of the most interesting rooms in Washington as to its building and decoration will be completed. It excites attention from the fact that the leading dinner parties of the present administration will be given in it during the next four seasons of winter gaiety at the capital.

The addition which Mr. Morton has just been making to his great house on Scott circle, was chiefly designed to accommodate this dining room. It is done in red and natural oak. The walls are terra cotta and the high wainscoting of paneled oak; the ceiling is of paneled oak also, showing the beams, and the walls and ceiling are joined by a sort of arch shaped "cove," continuous all around and adorned with ornamental plastering in red.

The designs of the plastering were made expressly for Mr. Morton, as were also the designs for the oak carving, which is plentiful and elaborate. Behind the Vice President, as he sits at table, will be a huge fireplace, with a carved oak mantelpiece and a great mirror above it. Nearly the whole of one side of the room is occupied by a triple bow window, with enormous sheets of plate glass filling the lower frames, and the upper frames containing some mosaic glass with designs in lead work and "jewels" specially made for Mr. Morton by a Philadelphia firm. The floor is of inlaid woods. Behind Mrs. Morton's place at the table the dining-room doors are thrown open upon a sweep of two parlors and a library, the whole range of the four rooms extending 110 feet in a straight line.

NEW IDEA IN ENTERTAINING.

The new addition to the vice president's dwelling—itself as big as a good-sized house—makes it one of the finest and best-equipped residences in Washington. By this architectural change a second entrance has been made, with a second porte cochere, to be used for a convenience in entertaining. The notion is as original as it is admirable. You see, people find it disagreeable, upon arriving at parties or receptions, to run the gauntlet in their wraps of crowds of earlier guests laughing and talking in the hallway and on the stairs. But as things will be arranged in Mrs. Morton's house no such annoyance will be possible. The guests will enter the second great door and will find immediately within the portals two big dressing rooms beautifully furnished—one for the ladies at the left hand, and another for the men a step beyond. When they are ready they can proceed through a passage past the dining room to the parlors, where they will find the host and hostess assembled company.

On their departure they will say good bye and return through the passage to the dressing rooms, resume their wraps and depart in good order, without having to make their way awkwardly through the throng still engaged in jollification. And with this manner of fixing things it will actually be possible for the Vice President to give a dinner party if he wishes, while Mrs. Morton is holding a reception, and neither will interfere with the other a particle. The butcher and baker and groceryman will have big cupboards appropriated to their convenience in the servants' entry to put the provisions into, so that they will not have to go into the kitchen and disturb the cooks, who manipulate the culinary implements in front of a range like that of a hotel, with a hearth of costly tiles 24 feet long in front of it. The kitchen itself—likewise in the new addition—is walled with white china tiles, and the rooms are carried out of the house by a small railway.

ALCOHOL IN DISGUISE.

Dangerous Fortification of Wines and Liquors—Modern Drunkenness and Ancient Inebriety.

St. James Gazette.

An analysis of absinthe just given by a medical journal, though of wide general interest, deals chiefly with the physiological effects of the various herbal components of the liquor. These include absinthium—which is, of course, wormwood and the essence of two varieties of aniseed, of coriander, fennel, peppermint, angelica, hyssop and melisse, most of which are, *inter alia*, very powerful excitants of the nerve centers. It is probable that either of them may become specifically injurious under particular conditions of mind or body, and it is certain that their habitual use in combination must tend to a general disturbance of the nervous system, more or less dangerous according to the quantity consumed. But, while admitting the value of the information thus given respecting these powerful essences, it should not be forgotten that alcohol, and probably alcohol of a very degraded kind, is their common "vehicle." Doubtless, its various compounds give a special direction to the intoxication produced by absinthe, but the alcohol lacking, their effects would not be classed under the head of "drunkenness." To be intoxicated with absinthe, therefore, is simply intoxicated with alcohol; admittedly, with specific manifestations. This idea may be usefully expanded in other directions.

A recent authoritative comparison of the alcoholic strength of the several liquors named gave the following results:

NAME.	Per Cent of Alcohol.
Carmelite	93
Swiss Absinthe	70
Green Chartreuse	62
White Chartreuse	43
Rum (liquor)	54
Kummel	40
Benedictine	34
Danzig Goldwasser	32
Curacoa, 32 to	51
Maraschino	30
Eau de Cologne (pure)	85

The class of compounds known as "tonics" or "bitters" are, perhaps, chiefly used in America, though their consumption among ourselves is quite sufficient to give cogency to an analytical report lately issued by the Massachusetts board of health. Of 47 samples examined, 46 contained an alcoholic percentage of more than 21 per cent. One compound, described as a purely vegetable extract, a "stimulus to the body without intoxicating, disclosed even 41 per cent of alcohol. Certain "sulphur bitters," advertised to contain no alcohol, really contained no sulphur, but more than 20 per cent of alcohol. One maker's "cherry wine bitters" yielded fully 47 per cent of alcohol, while the "stomach bitters" of two others showed severally 42 and 43 per cent. Nearly the whole of these deleterious stuffs are sold as "non-alcoholic," while several of them are recommended as "soothing inducements to temperance," in doses of a wine glassful three "or more" times a day.

The "fortification" of wines has led by easy descent to their absolute fabrication. Many cheap so-called wines—making special appeal to the poorer classes of invalids in the form of "luscious sherry" and "strengthening port"—are but clever chemical combinations, with, of course, the all-pervading alcoholic base. For it may be taken as an axiom that, though "wine" may be made without grapes, it can not be made without alcohol. Probably the Spanish "health wines" are among the chief offenders of this sort, and to such a point has their fascination been carried that, no long time since, the ministry of Public Works in Madrid ordered 20 chemical laboratories to be erected in as many of the chief wine-producing districts of Spain.

The examples in the several classes mentioned—no doubt with the classes themselves—might be greatly extended. But enough has been added for our purpose. We see that these compounds could not exist without alcohol—not the alcohol naturally developed in their preparation, but that applied to conceal its character. What description of alcohol, therefore, is this likely to be? It has been remarked that the drunkenness of 30 years ago was "good-naturedness" itself compared with the too often brutal and frenzied outbreaks of to-day; and the distinction is a truly scientific one. Too well we know the horrible stuff that is accepted with unfortunate good faith by the lower orders of dram drinkers. But if the concoctors of "cheap spirits" are able to disguise the distasteful and injurious products of crude distillation and to offer their patrons the gin, whisky, or brandy of their desires, as such, with how much greater facility can they proceed when the masterful flavorers indicated (with 100 others) form a part of the disguise? Brandy, labeled "cognac," is daily produced from potato and beet root. It would be interesting to know with what kind of alcoholic "warp" the opulent "woof" is composed of many of the dominating essential oils and syrups of the pharmacopœia.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENTS.

How to Make Hair Stand on End—Needles Made to Float.

Get an ordinary tumbler filled to the brim with water, and on it place a sheet of paper so that the surface of the water may be completely covered. Now place one hand on the paper and with the other invert the glass. Then remove your hand from the paper and the water will not fall out, owing to the upward pressure of the atmosphere.

Again, take a piece of thick brown paper about a foot square and heat it at the fire. When hot place it on the table and rub it with a clothes-brush for about half a minute. Then hold the brown paper over some small light bodies—little pieces of blotting paper will do—and the light bodies will jump about in a most excited manner. If the brown paper be held over somebody's head, several hairs will immediately stand on their ends, greatly to the amusement of the spectators.

Another curious experiment, not generally known, is performed as follows: Get any piece of wood, not too thick, about a foot long, and lay it on the table in such a position that half of it projects over the edge of the table. Place a broad book on that part of it which is on the table. Strike the projecting part of the wood sharply with a strong stick or a poker, and the piece of wood will smash in two. You should strike very sharply and without hesitation or the experiment may fail, and your book and wood be hurled to the other side of the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second Class Mail Matter.

Circulation Last Week, 115,000.

WHY THE BLADE IS NOT PASTED THIS WEEK.

This week's edition of the Weekly Blade is sent out without being pasted. We do this by way of experiment. Our presses have pasting attachments, and it is quite as easy to paste as not; but we have received many letters from subscribers who would prefer to have their paper unpasted, as it is then easily separated into two halves, and two persons can read it at the same time.

Now, we cannot send unpasted papers to those who prefer them, and pasted ones to others; the entire edition must be the same. So we shall do exactly as our subscribers wish. If they prefer them unpasted, we shall furnish them like to-day's paper; if they do not, we shall continue to paste. Please take a postal card, write on it which your prefer, address it "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," and mail it. We wish to find out which way the majority prefer their paper. Vote quickly, however!

As you will have some spare room on the card, you will confer a favor on us if you will also write on it the names and addresses of three or four of your friends who do not take The Blade, and we will mail them sample copies containing the first instalment of "Teetotaller Dick." Don't forget this, please.

A CENT FAMINE.

That useful little coin, the cent, is extending its sphere very rapidly. It is a fact not generally known that there has sprung up a demand for it over wide areas of the south and west where it has hitherto been practically unknown; and so great is this that, although the mint at Philadelphia is running a coining press steadily on cents from midnight Sunday to midnight Saturday, it is entirely unable to supply the demand. The mint is about two months behind in its orders, and getting further behind every week.

The reader naturally inquires, "Why does not the director of the mint increase the facilities for turning out these little coins?" Simply because the appropriation made for that purpose by Congress has gone to out longer enough. It will require Congressional action to increase the output; and this should be taken as speedily as possible after that body meets, because the demand for "more cents" is increasing in the whole country, especially in the cities, and there is danger that there will be a scarcity of this handy little coin. It goes without saying that the workingmen and small buyers and their families will suffer worst. They will be mulcted the extra cent or two by the grocers and other dealers, if the latter have not cents with which to make exact change.

More cents, Messrs. Congressmen!

HOT SHOT.

The New York *World* is straight Democratic, but it cannot stomach the impending purchase of the Ohio Senatorship by Brice. In Friday's issue it has the following red hot attack:

It is unfortunate for Millionaire Calvin S. Brice that he has in his candidacy for the Ohio Senatorship the active support of Millionaire Collis P. Huntington. The business of Mr. Huntington in Washington is to cheat and swindle the government. He has use for Senators who are naturally affiliated in railway enterprises. Some years ago when Senator Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, attempted, through a just funding bill, to force the Pacific railway rascals to a settlement, he incurred the hostility of Huntington. Mr. Thurman was deprived of his seat in the Senate and the Huntington crowd boasted that it had furnished the means to elect a Republican legislature in Ohio. Huntington's support of Brice would indicate that he regards him as an entirely different man from Thurman. He publicly says that Brice in the Senate will be useful to Huntington.

"TEETOTALLER DICK."

Read the announcement elsewhere on this page of Col. Knox's new story, and then do us the favor to sit down and send us the names and postoffice addresses of your friends and neighbors, not subscribers to The Blade, whom you think would like to read the story, or to have their girls and boys read it. You can easily get ten names and addresses on a postal card. Please do it at once, so that we may send them sample copies of The Blade, containing the announcement, immediately.

The death of George H. Pendleton will be regretted not only in the state of Ohio, which he had ably represented in both branches of Congress, but throughout the entire country, whose interests he upheld at the German court during the last administration. He was an educated and refined gentleman, and a keen politician, with views broader than the majority of his party. The civil service law, of which he was the author, will stand as a monument to his senatorial service and to his desire to purify politics from the spoils system. Though an ardent Democrat, he was manly and open in his political warfare, and gained the respect of his party opponents.

That was an important decision of the United States Circuit court the other day, which sustains the jurisdiction of this nation over Navassa island; but it was also a rational one, and the Supreme court, to which the case has been appealed, is not likely to disturb it. In effect, the court holds that, because the island belongs to a citizen of the United States, therefore it belongs to the United States, since the greater includes the less; and that United States courts have jurisdiction. This decision, if confirmed, will apply also to any other outlying islands that may be under the ownership of United States citizens. In a large sense, wherever the American flag floats, there is the United States.

The secretary of the Treasury says he does not propose to make the wholesale withdrawal of funds from national banks which has been reported, but at the same time he disapproves the policy of large deposits, and is considering the propriety of withdrawing a considerable portion of the deposits still remaining as soon as possible. It is to be hoped he will promptly do so. The policy is a bad one, and does not meet the approval of the people.

Secretary Noble's desire to weed abuses out of the Pension bureau is shown by his discharge of the seventeen subordinates of that office who were guilty of rerating each other's pensions. Such practices gives the enemies of the pension system—and they are many and powerful, and increasing every day—a basis for their efforts to stop the work of doing justice to the needy and deserving ones among the boys in blue.

THE CHURCH AS A FACTOR IN PROHIBITION WORK.

The advocates of Prohibition are simply standing on more advanced ground than the remainder of those in favor of temperance reform. They only follow out the argument to its logical conclusion. If the Rum traffic needs restriction in order to reduce the amount of evil it produces, then the more we restrict it, the less of evil; and by restricting it out of existence, we also remove these evils entirely. Abolish the cause, and you prevent the result. The logic of the situation is simply this:

Any evil that afflicts the community, growing out of the acts of any members thereof, is a proper subject for legislation in the direction of its abatement;

The Rum traffic is the admitted cause of many evils;

Therefore, the Rum traffic should be abated.

Once having admitted the premises—and every thinking man must admit them—the conclusion is inevitable. Why stop at restriction? The evil is fundamental; so long as liquor is sold as a beverage, so long will the evils of the traffic exist. Why remove only part of the evil by restricting the traffic? Why not abolish it entirely, and make a clean job of it?

The Blade has always insisted that the one thing to be done is to educate the people up to this point. Until there is a majority public sentiment backing it, the effort to destroy the traffic through Prohibition must necessarily be a failure. The labor frittered away in other directions should all be turned into this one channel. All agencies for the instruction of the masses must be unified for its accomplishment. The two strongest are the press and pulpit. Yet the men who arrogate to themselves the leadership of the Prohibition movement deliberately compel an overwhelming majority of the press, both in numbers and influence, to take an attitude of at least quasi-opposition, and close the lips of the occupants of a majority of the pulpits, by their unwise and illjudged attempt to make a political question out of this mighty moral reform!

There are two points on which it said every man is a bigot—politics and religion. To make the Prohibition movement a partisan question is as insane a thing as it would be to make it a religious one, by declaring that every member of every church which did not, in its creed or confession of faith, declare in favor of Prohibition, is an advocate of Rum selling and a supporter of saloons! There is but one thing that can be said for these zealots—and that is that they are really sincere in their mistaken effort. In any other point of view they are hopeless blunderers. They antagonize the political prejudices of the masses of the people, by unmeasured abuse of the two great parties. They have neither political common sense nor business wisdom. They have never done anything with their skeleton party except to impede the progress of Prohibition along the very line it must march to success—that of a great moral reform, appealing to every good agency, including the press and the pulpit, alike, and antagonizing none.

It is an assured fact that the Prohibition cause will never triumph until it has the church on its side. We use church in its most general sense. We mean, until every religious body in this country casts its influence for Prohibition, not necessarily as a matter of religion, but as a means of improving the condition of the people, of checking poverty, vice and crime, and bettering public morals. Prohibition is not a matter of creed or dogma. No matter what very good but somewhat overzealous people may say, Prohibition is neither taught nor commanded in the Bible. Temperance is insisted upon, nay, demanded; but total abstinence is not. Christ made wine by his first miracle, he drank wine at the Last Supper, and he commanded wine to be used in that ordinance. There is no good reason for supposing that it was unfermented wine. It may have been, or it may not. The matter really has no bearing upon the Prohibition question. Neither distilled nor malt liquors were known in Biblical times; had they been, we have no doubt their use would have been denounced, as all other evil things were.

Yet these reckless and self-styled "leaders" of Prohibition—the third-party leaders—throw away the united force of all the pulpits in the land by demanding that they favor, not Prohibition pure and simple, but Prohibition with a condition—and that condition a political party. Some of these leaders are ministers themselves, who are so blinded by their undue zeal, so lacking in their judgment, as to turn camp-meetings, etc., into political mass-meetings. Now let us be clearly understood. To advocate Prohibition from the pulpit, and at any church gathering, is in every way proper. It is the advocacy of virtue and morality. But to advocate the political Prohibitionist party in the same way is entirely out of place, for it is politics which is then taught. The advocacy of the third party is as much out of place from the pulpit as the advocacy of free trade, or of Canadian annexation, or any other purely political question. Here, again, the narrow bigotry and utter lack of sagacity of these zealots is clearly seen.

Speaking of this effort to fasten the support of a political party on the pulpit, a correspondent of The Blade, writing from Topeka, Kan., says:

> Anything that can unite all the churches in an active, harmonious campaign, must be considered from a moral standpoint, and outside of the advancement of individuals. As soon as it is made a party issue it prevents the church as such from taking an active part in it, because the church is made up of persons from all parties.
>
> A short time ago a strong Prohibition minister here said to me: "There are several good reasons why I am a third party man. I know personally and would like to have speak from my pulpit; but I cannot do so because they are party Prohibitionists."
>
> National Prohibition is a matter of education and must be accomplished through the home, the church and the school; and everything that cripples their work in the education of the people up to the moral standard of national Prohibition, retards its ultimate success.

True; and the evil effects of this overzealous meddling is seen in the growing disfavor that has certainly been shown toward the principle of Prohibition in the various elections in which it figured this year. There is a growing resentment against the unstinted revilings and abuse so constantly cast upon Republicans and Democrats, and the great cause suffers from the fatal foolishness of these pretended friends, who are, after all, but about one-fifteenth of the great Prohibition army. If they would drop their impossible propaganda, one of the greatest obstacles would be taken from the path in which public sentiment must travel if Prohibition is to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

There is too much land stealing going on in the West. The government's policy toward settlers has been so liberal that there has arisen a class of people who take possession of whatever tract they happen to fancy, without reference to law. They should be set down upon. A number of these thieves are attempting, by squatting, to steal the best lands in the Mille Lacs reservation, in Minnesota. The Indians have agreed to an arrangement under which they they are to choose individual allotments of land from the body of the reservation, and no interference with their privilege can be tolerated without dishonor. It will be time enough to let the land grabbers in when the Indian owners have made their choice.

There has not been a temperance revival in the United States since the third party was established. It is a drag on the wheels of temperance progress.

RAISE CLUBS!

We are now prepared to offer greater inducements to persons raising clubs than ever before. We not only offer greater inducements than we have ever previously, but one that has a good deal of money for those who will get up clubs. Read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch.*

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

But better than any of the above is our *cash payment* for a club, as set forth in confidential printed instructions which we mail to any one on application. This offers the largest price ever paid for clubs by any paper in the world, either this year or in years gone by.

We want *thousands* of persons to undertake the work of raising clubs for The Blade during this month, November, December and January. It will pay any one to write for our terms.

As an aid in raising clubs, if you will send a list of persons who do not take The Blade, we will mail each one a sample copy of the paper containing the first instalment of Mr. Knox's new story, announced elsewhere. Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE NEW CONGRESS.

On Monday next—Dec. 2—Congress will assemble and the government will then be in the active possession of the Republicans in its legislative as well as in the executive branch. There will be changes noted in the membership of both Senate and House. In the former Senator Palmer, of Michigan, will be replaced by Senator McMillan; Sabin, of Minnesota, by ex-Governor W. D. Washburn; Saulsbury, of Delaware, by Anthony Higgins; Chace, of Rhode Island, by ex-Governor Dixon; Bowen, of Colorado, by Walcott, and Riddleberger, of Virginia, by James S. Barbour. In two cases the new senators are of different political parties from their predecessors, viz: Higgins, a Republican, succeeds a Democrat, and Barbour, a Democrat, replaces a Republican.

In the House, Cox, of New York, Townshend, of Illinois, and Laird, of Nebraska, have gone to join the great majority, and their familiar faces will be missed. Bryce, "Deacon" White, Tim Campbell and Bourke Cochran, of New York; Collins, Morse and Long, of Massachusetts; Foran and Wilkins, of Ohio; Scott, of Pennsylvania; Nathan Goff, of West Virginia; Wm. Walter Phelps, of New Jersey; Rayner, of Maryland; Ryan, of Kansas; and Norwood, of Georgia, have all been succeeded by other representatives. Nearly all of these have made national reputations, some on account of their ability and others because of personal peculiarities. Two of them are still in the public service, Ryan as minister to Mexico and Phelps as minister to Germany.

Among the new members are General Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, who was the first Republican ever elected Speaker of the House; John F. Andrew, son of the great war governor of the Old Bay state; Roswell P. Flower, of New York, who has for years had Presidential aspirations which he still cherishes; St. George Tucker, son of Hon. J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, and Mark H. Dunnell, of Minnesota, who was one of the four leading candidates for the speakership of the House at the time Keifer was elected.

PLEASED WITH THEIR TEA SETS.

Our tea set premium is having a great run. No more suitable premium has ever been offered, and our readers are taking advantage of the proposition in large numbers. Your spare time for two days will enable you to secure it. Read what those who have received the tea set say about it:

> Colon, Neb., Nov. 18.—Editor Blade:—Received the Blade tea set, and think them very beautiful. I have shown them to a number, and they say they are splendid. They came all safely, except one little butter dish which was broken in two pieces; and that perhaps was broken when they were unloaded here at the station. I do not know of any set in this neighborhood like them. Many thanks to The Blade for the beautiful tea set.—Lydia Phare.
>
> East Otto, N. Y., Nov. 18.—Editor Blade:—The tea set is received. They are all that can be expected, and are very nice. There have a great many seen them, and all think they are grand. My self thinks they are very nice and cheap. Yours truly, R. C. Beach.
>
> West Lima, Wis., Nov. 17.—Editor Blade:—We received the china tea set all right. They are much heavier ware than we expected, and we are well pleased with them. Very truly,
>
> Mrs. W. S. Johnson.
>
> Fairfax, Vt., Nov. 18.—Editor Blade:—I received your tea set all right, and am very much pleased with it. I think the decoration just beautiful. It is a nice set for so little money. The freight on mine was 70 cents. I wish you success. Respectfully,
>
> Ella T. Burns.
>
> Martinsville, Ind., Nov. 17.—Editor Blade:—I received the Blade tea set you sent me for the fifteen subscribers. They are all you represented them to be, and all that I expected. I think I was well paid for my time. Very truly yours, W. C. Grover.

Here is what a Kansas boy writes. We commend his example to other boys of the great Blade family:

> Paxico, Kan., Nov. 15.—Editor Blade:—Seeing your offer in The Blade of a tea set, I sent $7.50 and received the 80 pieces all right, securely packed in straw, not a piece chipped nor cracked. I made my mother a present of them. We think they are all you represent them to be, and more too. The decoration is beautiful, and the ware is of A No. 1 material. I would recommend them to any one wishing a good tea set.
>
> I am only a boy, but I have taken your paper more than a year. We all think a great deal of The Blade, and wish you sucess in your valuable paper. I am, as ever,
>
> O. F. Peck.
>
> Smithton, Mo., Nov. 17.—Editor Blade:—I received the Blade tea set in good condition. It came well packed, and nothing was broken nor cracked in the 80 pieces. It is in every way satisfactory; in fact, can say the dishes were even better than had been expected. I can cheerfully recommend it to persons wishing a nice tea set. Respectfully,
>
> Mrs. Mary C. Smith.
>
> Dunkirk, N. Y., Nov. 17.—Editor Blade:—I thought I would send you a few names before the month runs out to help the cause along. The tea set given with the parlor stove received Buffalo in less than ten days after I sent the money to you. They are much pleased and the ware is much better than was expected. Yours,
>
> W. Taylor.
>
> Nokomis, Ill., Nov. 16.—Editor Blade:—My folks are delighted with the tea set, and think it to be the nicest thing they have ever seen. I have seen tea sets offered in St. Louis and Minneapolis for twice the amount of money you sell yours for, but what you could not be compared in quality to mine. Therefore, many thanks for your liberal premium.
>
> I like the articles in The Blade against the Rum Power. Give it to them! Respectfully,
>
> John Keiser.
>
> Bedford, Ind., Nov. 18.—Editor Blade:—We received the tea set in good order, and it came up to our expectations in every respect. We are more than pleased with it, and have never regretted sending for it. Respectfully,
>
> Ella Estes.

In regard to the claims of Democratic free traders that the result of the recent election in that state was due to the growing sentiment in favor of tariff reform, the Iowa State *Register* says:

> The tariff had no more to do with the Democratic victory than it had to do with the movements of the planets. The Iowa Republicans are as solidly united on national issues as they were last year, when the fight was made on the tariff and the Republican majority was over 30,000.

The digest of the reports of First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson and Second Assistant Whitfield in our news columns will be read with interest. The growth of the postal service is shown, and the necessity for increased appropriations is made apparent.

Advice to President Fonseca: Play (Dom) Pedro.

FIGURED FACTS.

There is a good deal of instruction to be gotten out of a comparison of election figures in this state for several years past. Taking the gubernatorial elections since Foraker first entered state politics, the showing is this:

	Republican.	Democratic.	Total vote of state.
1883.....	347,164	359,693	721,310
1885.....	359,281	341,830	738,967
1887.....	356,534	333,263	746,970
1889.....	368,551	379,424	775,537

The Prohibition, Labor, and other scattering votes are embodied in the total vote. The highest vote ever received by any man in Ohio was that for Ryan for secretary of State in 1888, it being 416,510. The Cleveland electoral ticket received 396,455 votes at the same time, being 20,000 above Campbell's vote this year. The total vote on Presidential electors last year was 787,159, the largest ever polled in the state. It was 11,622 greater than the total at the late election, and greater than Campbell's plurality. The stay-at-home vote cuts quite a figure in the matter of political supremacy.

The third-party Prohibitionists are practically at a standstill as regards their total vote, and declining in absolute strength, as shown by the relation of their total vote to the total vote of the state. For the past five elections their poll has been:

1885—Leonard, Governor.....	28,081
1886—Smith, Secretary of State.....	28,982
1887—Seitz, Governor.....	24,711
1888—Payne, Secretary of State.....	24,618
1888—Fisk, President.....	24,356
1889—Helwig, Governor.....	26,514

The Labor vote this year was only 1,048, as against 3,432 on the state ticket in 1888.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

The articles we offer in connection with the Weekly Blade are each and every one good for holiday presents. They are all useful, and in price come within the reach of all.

And a year's subscription to the Weekly Blade itself is as appropriate a present as one person can give to another. It is not costly, but it is very valuable; it is a Christmas or New Year's gift that would be appreciated by a recipient of either sex, young or old. And of the other articles referred to,

THE BLADE TEA SET is as suitable a gift as you can make to a housekeeper—a husband to a wife, children to a mother, a brother to a sister, or any one to a lady friend. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and it is not only beautiful, but useful. It has already been described fully in The Blade.

THE CHAMBER SET comes next, and it is in all respects worthy of the same commendations as the tea set, given above. Read the description given in recent issues of this paper, on page 5, and see for yourself.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE makes a most excellent present—one of the most acceptable you can give a housekeeper. If a husband desires to gladden his wife's heart, this is the gift to make. Read the description of it in this or last week's Blade.

THE TRENTON WATCH is a very timely gift for your boy at the holidays. It is an excellent time-keeper, is durable, cheap, and nothing will please him better.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY" and "SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," those two very valuable books by Miss Bouton, are extremely appropriate gifts for girls. Parents can present nothing that will be more highly appreciated to their daughters, brothers to their sisters (or to somebody else's sister), than either or both these volumes. See "Good Books," on fifth page.

"NASBY IN EXILE" is just the thing for the young people to present to father, and it makes a splendid gift for any one. This beautiful volume formerly cost $3.50, but it is now sold at the very low price of $1.25. We have only enumerated those three books here that we think specially adapted for holiday presents, though we have others that will suit many persons. See "Good Books" on fifth page.

OUR PICTURES.—Lastly, our five 25-cent engravings are just the thing for presents—Millet's "Angelus," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Munkacsy's "Christ Before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary," and Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple." They all are elegant engravings for framing, and make appropriate holiday gifts for any one.

Be quick, however. If you contemplate ordering the tea set, or a stove, send in your order early—at least two weeks before Christmas—because we have to send the order to the manufacturers, which takes time; besides, they are shipped by freight, which goes much more slowly than by express. Watches, books and pictures, however, are sent direct from this office, and always by return mail, hence there is not so much need of haste. The same remark applies to subscriptions to the Weekly Blade. However, order early, for the mails are burdened just before Christmas with packages, and delays often occur.

OUR SURPLUS.

The surplus in the United States treasury increased $88,000,000 during the fiscal year ended on June 30 last. Hold on! Don't yell "tariff reform" just yet, Mr. Free Trader. This all came from internal revenue taxation—the only "war taxes" that are left. The total receipts from internal revenue for the year were $130,894,434—an increase of $6,567,958 over the previous year—and $43,000,000 more than the surplus for the year.

In other words: The tariff does not produce enough for the regular annual expenses of the government, and it requires $43,000,000 from the internal revenue in addition. The surplus is what the internal revenue brings in above this requirement. The logical mode of reducing the surplus is to cut off $88,000,000 of internal revenue taxation, and thus equalize revenue and disbursements.

The *Northwestern Railroader* says that the result of the election in Iowa was largely owing to the vote of the men employed on the railroads. It declares that they voted as they did to save their own bread and butter—not because the railway corporations desired or asked them to vote that way, but because they saw their own employment imperiled. It says:

> The railway employes of the state of Iowa would control, if united, not less than 50,000 votes. They are not yet united, but they are sufficiently united to turn 15,000 or 20,000 votes, and to swing a state election. The power which has been put forth in Iowa has exerted itself so silently, with so little movement on the surface, that no one in the secret has known of its existence.
>
> The railway employes have awakened to the knowledge of their own strength. They have learned that their cause is not the granger cause, and that they have nothing to gain and everything to lose by a policy of oppression of the companies from whom they get their work, their salaries, their bread and butter. Republicanism and monopoly, in the abstract, have no interest for them. They are not swayed by party motives, and are no more under the leadership of party bosses than of the corporations." But whatever the party may be, or whoever the man may be, that shrieks at their very means of living, that party or that man will feel the weight of their enmity at the polls. The great counterbalance, long needed, to the granger vote has been found. It is the vote of the organized railroad men.

That Southern farmers are not believers in free trade is proved by the action of the Congress of Agriculturists held last week in Montgomery, Ala. A resolution was offered declaring that the benefits of the protective policy should be extended as far as possible to the products of the farm. The delegates who believe in the Democratic policy on the tariff brought forward as a substitute a resolution pledging the farmers to support a reduction in tariff duties, and it was voted down by 171 to 106.

The republicanization of Brazil has given the crowned heads of the effete monarchies of Europe the severest shock they have experienced for a decade. They fear the close of the nineteenth century is to be signalized by an engulfing wave of revolution, similar to the republican tide which rose during the closing quarter of the eighteenth.

OUR COINAGE.

The annual report of the Director of the United States mint for the fiscal year ended June 30 last, contains a number of points worth noting concerning the coinage of the year. The total coinage was: Gold coins, in value, $25,543,910; silver dollars, $33,793,860; subsidiary silver, $721,686, and minor coins, $906,473. Total, $60,965,939. In addition to this, gold bars valued at $22,241,121, and silver bars valued at $6,709,246 were manufactured at the mint. Gold bars were exchanged for gold coin, principally at the assay office at New York, during the year, mainly for export, of the value of $57,507,812.

The seigniorage, or profit on the coinage of silver dollars and subsidary coin during the year was $9,403,049. That is, as these coins do not contain their full face value of silver, the government has made that nine millions and over by buying silver at market rates and coining it, the coins of course passing for their face. The total coinage of silver dollars under the Bland act up to the first of November, 1889, was $343,638,001. Gold imports during the year amounted to $10,372,145 and exports to $60,033,246. Silver imports amounted to $24,682,380 and exports $36,716,783. These figures show a loss to the United States, by excess of exports over imports, of gold $49,661,101, silver $12,034,403.

The director estimates the consumption of gold and silver in the United States in the industrial arts for the fiscal year to have been: Gold, $16,000,000; silver, $8,000,000. The product of gold and silver in the United States for the calendar year 1888, he reports as follows: Gold, $33,175,000; silver, commercial value, $43,000,000; coin value, $59,195,000. The figures on silver are of interest to the people; for if the demand of the silver mining interest for the "free coinage" of silver were granted by Congress, it would put into the pockets of the mine-owners, even at the present rate of production, the difference between the commercial value and coin value, or over $16,000,000 annually.

The product of the world for the past year was: Gold, $105,994,150; silver, commercial value, $103,556,000; coin value, $142,439,150. The coinage of the world for the year 1888 was: Gold, $134,720,639; silver, $149,737,442. Deducting recoinage reported and the coinage of new Mexican dollars, the net coinage for the year approximatod: Gold, $109,000,000; silver, $95,000,000. Of the latter, about 80 per cent was full legal tender coins executed by the mints of the United States, India and Japan. The director also recommends legislation looking toward the discontinuance of the coinage of the $3 and $1 gold pieces and the 3-cent nickel piece, and the withdrawal from circulation of pieces of those denominations now outstanding.

MARK THE BOUNDARY.

The proper marking of the boundary between Alaska and British America is a matter that should be acted upon by Congress during the coming winter. It was defined by the treaty made between Russia and Great Britain, 64 years ago, but the line has never been actually run and marked. The chief difficulty in the way of surveying and fixing it has been the expense; and this is enhanced, not only by the remoteness of the region, but by the treaty stipulation that the southern part of the boundary shall proceed for several hundred miles along "the summit of the mountains parallel to the coast." While these wooded crests, often far from being easily accessible, make the task of survey laborious, a further provision of the treaty requires that the mountain line shall be abandoned whenever it exceeds a distance of ten marine leagues from the coast, and a line at that distance substituted. Hence the shore, with its windings, must also be surveyed.

Another point of possible trouble is a dispute as to which is the true boundary range, where there are parallel ones, or where there are breaks in the mountain chains. Still, whatever the difficulties of the task, it ought to be undertaken at once by a joint commission, since a large mining region exists directly along the disputed boundary. The cost would probably not be much more than $1,000,000, to be divided between the Dominion and the United States; and as it will take several years to complete the task, legislation for the purpose will not be had too soon. There should be no foolish quarrel concerning jurisdiction.

GET A WATCH FREE!

The attention of all readers is directed to the offer on the Trenton watch, in the Publishers' Department, fifth page. It is an excellent watch, and none have so far been returned under our warranty. It is the very best cheap watch in the market. We have several thousands of these watches, which we bought to give away to club raisers. To any one sending us a club of ten subscribers to the Weekly Blade, and $10, we will send one of these watches free. We did not buy them to sell, but if any subscriber wishes one, we will send him the Weekly Blade one year, and a Trenton watch, for $5. The watch retails in the jewelry stores at $5. Get up a club; you can earn yourself a good watch in a few hours.

The new Missouri election law provides that unless a party has polled at least 3 per cent of the total vote at the last election, its candidates' names are not to be printed on the tickets—which are furnished by the state, under the Australian ballot system. This will cut off the Labor and political Prohibition parties at the next election. It will not, however, prevent any one who so desires from voting for the candidates of either, because a blank space for names is left after each office on the tickets, and the voter can easily write them in.

Money is down to 2 per cent again in New York, the heavy demand to aid in removing the crops having been supplied. This rate is the same that ruled during the first half of the year, and indicates an abundance of currency for the demands of business.

Amid the renewal of the efforts of the silver men to obtain their desires, the cold fact must not be forgotten that, though the price of silver is higher than it has been for several years, the standard silver dollar contains less than 75 cents' worth of silver.

What Southern fire-eater on the floor of the House will be the first to let his mouth loose, and say something that will neutralize the advantage the recent elections were to his party? The Southern brother is peculiarly liable to this sort of accident.

The full name of the ex-emperor of Brazil was Dom Pedro II. de Alcantara, John Charles Leopold Salvador Bibiano Francis Xavier de Paule Leocadio Michael Gabriel Raphael Gonzague; his name now is simply Dennis.

No matter who is elected Speaker out of the four prominent Republicans named, the country can be congratulated on having a first-class man in the chair, while the other three will do splendid service on the floor of the House.

Emile Ollivier predicts that a Cæsar will yet rise in the United States, and establish imperialism on the ruins of the republic. Emile is evidently a man after Shakespeare's Justice Shallow, who insisted on being written down an ass.

INTERNAL REVENUE STATISTICS.

The report of Internal Revenue Commissioner Mason shows that the internal revenue receipts from all sources during the last fiscal year were $130,894,434, or $5,894,434 more than the estimate in the last annual report from the bureau, and it is estimated that the receipts during the current fiscal year will reach $135,000,000. The revenue from spirits, during the past fiscal year, aggregated $74,312,206, an increase of $5,006,039 over the preceding year. From fermented liquors, $23,723,835, or $399,616 more than during the preceding year; from tobacco in its various forms, $31,866,860, an increase of $1,204,428 over the preceding year; from oleomargarine, $894,247, against $864,139 during the preceding year; and from miscellaneous sources, $97,284, or $72,335 less than during the preceding year. The percentage of the cost of collecting this revenue was a fraction less than 3 2-10 per cent, which is exactly the same as the percentage of cost for the preceding fiscal year.

In regard to tobacco, the total production, including snuff, was 235,147,279 pounds, an increase of 12,280,450 pounds over the preceding fiscal year. Of cigars, cigarettes and cheroots there were 6,267,280,075 as against 5,889,655,175 during the year before. Ohio stands third in cigar manufacturing, having produced 294,871,159.

Commissioner Mason recommends legislation which will remove the opportunity for evading the law taxing fractional parts of a gallon of distilled spirits, and he asks that his force of revenue agents be increased from twenty to thirty.

It is quite probable that other recommendations in regard to the internal revenue tax will be made by the President, and action taken thereon by Congress this winter. If the tax is taken off tobacco Mr. Mason will not need an increase in the number of his revenue agents.

SIMPLIFY THE MONEY-ORDER SYSTEM.

There is too much red tape about our money orders and postal notes. The machinery is too elaborate, too complicated, and seems devised rather to repel the people than to invite their patronage. This is especially the case with the technicalities which have to be observed in sending and receiving money orders. The express companies have simplified the system wonderfully, and have brought it down to a modern business basis. They use no more of form than is absolutely necessary as a precaution, and the rates are lower than a money order. The result is that a very large business is done in express money orders which would naturally be done through the postoffice were the system equally simple and convenient.

As to the postal note, it is a nuisance. The money order should combine the features of both the present money order and postal note, and the latter be done away with, at least in the present form. The punching system is a source of annoyance because of the mistakes made by stupid postmasters and clerks. The cut-off used on the express order should be added to the money order and the postal note either be abolished entirely, or changed into a fractional mail currency, in the fixed denominations of 50 cents, 25 cents, 10 cents and 5 cents. This would fill all the requirements of the idea of the postal note—a method of sending sums under one dollar by mail without extra expense. Somebody in Congress ought to take hold and push this much-needed reform.

TO ALL GOOD TEMPLARS.

Your Order is devoted to the battle against the Rum Power, and is one of the great agencies through which the redemption of the land from its tyranny must come. Every one of you no doubt realizes that the watchword of progress in the temperance cause is Education! We must educate, *educate*, educate the people into a right understanding of the temperance problem; to realize that Rum is a poison; to recognize the traffic therein as the giant evil of our age and generation.

We ask you to read elsewhere our announcement of "Teetotaller Dick," our new temperance story, written expressly for The Blade by Col. Knox. Having done so, we know that you will be glad to aid us in extending the circulation of this story among the people. We ask the proper officer of every lodge of Good Templars to send us a list of the members thereof, and every member to send us a list of his neighbors and friends whom he thinks would like to read this story. We will gladly mail a copy of The Blade of December 5, containing its opening chapters, to every person whose name and address are furnished us. Please do it *at once*, so that we may have the wrappers addressed beforehand.

The following extract from the London Morning *Post* in regard to American competition in price and quality, is commended to the free traders who assert that protection enhances prices and tends to prevent the perfection of the quality of the manufactured articles by competition:

> So far from protection enhancing the cost of their goods, they can turn them out at rates with which we, with all our free trade, cannot compete. The Yale lock makers can afford to pay the carriage of their goods to England and yet undersell the Wolverhampton masters in the very heart of the lock trade, just as the Belgians can quote lower rates for angle iron delivered in Derby than the local iron masters of the midlands. The Philadelphia engine-makers can turn out as serviceable a locomotive as any English firm and ship it all the way to New Zealand for £600 less than the English tenders. In South Russia the agricultural implement trade is said to be passing entirely into the hands of American exporters in spite of English and German competition, because the latter are nearer by 3,000 miles to the local market. With the exception of made-up clothing, which is dear because labor is highly paid, and not because duty on stuffs is so heavy, there is not a single manufactured article produced in the United States, from carpets to cotton, from locomotive engines to steel axes, from agricultural implements to cutlery and Yankee notions, as many little domestic appliances are called, which is not as cheap or even cheaper there than in this country.

The Pan-American congress having finished its tour of inspection has now got down to business, and the serious work before it has been allotted to several committees. Of course this will be in the main a labor of inquiry and investigation, but the object of the South American delegates are in brief these: Increased opportunities for the development of their internal resources; greater facilities of international communication, and a guarantee of International peace and comity.

The United States delegates ought to heartily sympathize with these desires and aid in every way by counsel and suggestion in the formulation of plans for their accomplishment. The distribution of the detailed work will give a wide range for examination and the reports of the various committees upon the particular subjects entrusted to their care will be looked for with great interest.

A correspondent at Charles City, Iowa, speaking of the result of the recent election in that state, says:

> It is a mistaken idea that the recent defeat of so many Republican candidates for assemblymen and state senators was due to Prohibition. On the contrary, it stands in greater favor among the people than ever before, and woe to the party that repeals the present law. We have tried high license in the incorporated cities and towns of the state; and although the same has been placed at $500 per year, the sale and consumption of alcoholic drinks has steadily increased.

It is rather curious to note that most of the Democratic newspapers maintain absolute silence on the subject of the revelations concerning the traitorous nature of the oaths taken by Mormon converts. The cause of this silence may be found in the fact that the Democrats have been trying to convince the people that Utah was a good subject for statehood, and that she had too long been kept out of the Union.

NEXT WEEK

Our New Story, Written Expressly for Us, Will Begin.

A Full Announcement, for the Information of All.

Read It, and See If You Can Afford to Miss It.

Very truly Yours
Thos. W. Knox

As announced in previous issues of The Blade, we shall begin, in the issue for December 5, a new serial story, which has been written expressly for us, entitled:

TEETOTALLER DICK;

His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs.

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX,

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS," "CAMP FIRE AND COTTON FIELDS," "UNDERGROUND," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," ETC., ETC.

"Teetotaller Dick" is the life-history of a boy, born amid the bleak hills of New England. He comes to New York city, and the temptations of a young man in the busy whirl of the great metropolis are sketched with a master hand. This portion of the narrative contains many instructive facts, concerning the drink question, as will be seen by the following extract from a letter to us from Col. Knox:

> In addition to the effect of alcoholic beverages from medical, moral, physical and social points of view, I have, as you are aware, touched upon the view which is taken of drinking by the life insurance companies. I obtained this directly from a medical examiner for one of the largest companies, and also from the experience of a personal friend of mine, who tried to get his life insured, but was rejected in consequence of his drinking habits.
>
> The physical and moral effects of beer come in for full investigation, and I think I have thoroughly shown the fallacy of the belief that malt liquors are strengthening and nutritious. The small amount of nutriment that is to be found in beer will astonish many of your readers; it certainly astonished me when I went to the bottom of my investigations.
>
> It is probable, also, that many of your readers will be astonished at the annual amount of the nation's drink-bill, as it is set forth in the story from unimpeachable authorities. I have touched upon the present phase of the temperance question, and given the arguments of the strict Prohibitionist on the one hand, and the High License advocates on the other.
>
> The various ways of combating the drink evil of the day are considered, and I think there are several points brought out that will be new to the great majority of newspaper readers. Many of the incidents, illustrations and anecdotes in the story are from my own observation; but, wherever necessary, the names and localities have been changed, so that identification will be difficult, and in most cases imposs

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

We have received a number of orders already for THE BLADE tea set, and for the toilet set, advertised on the fifth page of this issue, and have been fairly deluged with letters of inquiry concerning it. For the benefit of all inquirers, we wish to say:

It is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere.

There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. The set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking-water, mug and vase.

They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement on the fifth page of this issue, and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

Since the publication of our advertisement of the Blade cook-stove, we have been inundated with letters asking additional information. The stove is a No 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one need be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catchpenny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it.

Quite a number have written to ask for No. 9, a size larger than the above stove. We have arranged to do this: We will give a No. 9 stove with THE BLADE one year for $16; or the stove free for 30 yearly subscribers and $30.

The No. 8 stove takes about 16-inch wood; the No. 9, 18-inch wood. No. 8 has an 18-inch oven; No. 9, a 20-inch oven. We furnish no cooking utensils nor pipe with the stove. We will supply a hot-water reservoir for either No. 8 or No. 9 for $6 *additional*. It is on the rear of the stove, directly under the shelf shown in the illustration. For $3 additional we will furnish a tin warming-closet for either sized stove.

Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight.

Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XXXV.

LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

BY MARTHA A. PEARSON.

'Twas in a far-off stranger land,
Where smiles a southern sky,
One Summer's morn a stranger youth
Had laid him down to die.
The fever burned within his veins
An dimmed the raven eye
That parting tears had lately wet
When he had breathed—"Good-bye."

No mother's hand his pillow smoothed,
No sister dear was nigh
To whisper love's sweet soothing words
Or breathe the last good-bye.
But 'mid delirium's painting's wild,
He saw his home again,
And climbed once more the green wood hills,
And rocks of deer old Maine.

Again he knelt as oft he had,
At holy eventide,
And lisped the prayer he oft had breathed,
His mother's knee beside.
When stranger hands his pillows pressed,
He dreamed—it was another,
And faintly whispered, low and sweet,
That sweetest word—"Dear mother."

But mother came not, and the band
That stood around his bed,
In mingled whispers low and sad,
All murmured—"He is dead."
And lovingly hands with gentle touch
Prepared him for the grave—
And came to pray for those who wept
Beyond the dark blue wave.

And ere they closed the coffin lid,
An aged form drew near
And brushed the curls from off his brow,
And dropped a pearly tear.
"Poor boy," she said, "his home is far
Beyond the ocean tide—
Let me kiss him for his mother, then;
To her it is denied."

A chord was touched in every heart,
And many a shining tear
Like dewdrops glistened 'mid the flowers
That graced his lonely bier.
And when they bore him tenderly,
With slow and solemn tread,
No gentler hands ere laid to rest
A mother's precious dead.

ASLEEP.

He lay beside the bivouac fire,
While slowly waned the troubled night,
Which nearer brought to us the dire
Dark hours of one Virginia fight.
I could not sleep; and so the while
He slept and dreamed, I watched his face,
And nearer stepped as once a smile
Caressed it with its soft embrace.

His lips moved gently and betrayed
A name, the name Christ's mother bore;
And then, as if in dreams afraid
To tell his secret, spoke no more.
Slowly his eyes unclosed; and when
He saw me by him, blushes came
To light his boyish features; then
I smiled and spoke the whispered name.

"You heard me, sir?" Half shy he seemed
Wishing, reluctant still, to tell
What of his Mary he had dreamed,
How he had loved her long and well,
The old, old story—old as pain,
As sorrow, life and death can be;
For well we know Love's lightest chain
Wears often sadly, wearily.

He guessed my thoughts. "I did not mean,"
He said, "to whisper aught of her;
But in my vision I have seen
(Or seemed to see) the spots that were
Our trysting-places, and to take
Her hand in mine, to faintly call
'Dear Mary!' and at last to break
My long reserve and tell her all.

"Waking or sleeping, night and day,
Her sad, sweet face seems always near;
I see it in the battle's fray,
And through the tumult still I hear
The tremulous music of her tone—
Nay, sometimes almost think I press
Her hand again, no more alone
Amid War's heartless wilderness."

Pausing a moment, while a light
Of sad foreboding dimly shone
In his blue eyes. "To-morrow's fight
May leave my Mary all alone;
I know we soldiers should not shed
These childish tears; but you will tell
My darling one when I am dead,
In death I love her just as well."

Under the grand old forest boughs,
Where first we met the demon storm
And breasted out its fiercest blows,
I found his still, recumbent form,
Again in slept; but not again
To waken at my reverent tread,
No dreams disturbed him now; love's chain
Rests lightly on the happy dead.

A Catching Name.

Troy Times.

The United States is a "catching" name. In addition to our own country there is the United States of Colombia, and now the brand-new United States of Brazil.

CHINATOWN.

A Blade's Correspondent Describes a Visit to this Vile Quarter of San Francisco.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 8.—One of the chief attractions of interest, to the visitor of San Francisco, is a part of the city known as Chinatown. No sooner has he made himself a guest in one of the many hotels, than he is confronted by a man, who, for a liberal compensation, will show him all the places of interest in the Mongolian's abode in America. Should the visitor be fortunate enough to procure the services of a first-class guide, he will see many places of interest and wonder, and also many places of horror that will make him completely disgusted with the sons of the Orient.

Your correspondent, with three companions, obtained the services of a good guide, and spent the greater part of the night, as it seemed, in China. First we were shown the Joss-houses, or the places of worship. These houses are generally situated in the second or third story of a building, and occupy the entire floor. There is more the appearance of the fancy goods department of a fair, than a place for worship. The finest kinds of banners and flags decorate the walls. One magnificent banner, valued at $30,000, has Chinese hieroglyphics made of genuine pearls. Many images of Chinese antiquity are placed in long cases, for the inspection of visitors, and also for the purpose of keeping the Chinaman's memory fresh with the wonderful history the images are made to represent.

Each Collection of Images

represents the supernatural qualities of some ancient Chinaman, whose life it was impossible to take, and who came up out of the sea to perform some work, either beneficial or detrimental to the people of China.

One large figure, clothed in princely garments, was placed in a retreat overhung with costly drapery. Before this Joss, the Chinaman performs his heathen worship. Before this idol, the son of the Orient gambles with Fate. Before this inert object, the Celestial stands as if in Divine presence. Either he comes to know his destiny. By the means of simple devices, resembling games of chance, he learns his future prosperity or adversity in any enterprise he may undertake. Here, on Columbia's shore, where the civilization and the enlightenment of the Nineteenth century is supreme, where, in one of America's largest cities, amid schools and churches, and every emblem of the height of modern improvement, stands the idol of ancient heathenism, and worshipped by fifty thousand idolators. The restaurants and tea-houses of the best class are nicely decorated and well furnished. The meals are first-class, and great comment is always made upon the excellency of the tea. Strange luxuries are served, and when one has finished, he could not positively swear whether or not he had eaten "fried rodents with tartar sauce, or roast pup a la rice."

The Lodging Houses Are Terrible Places.

Every visitor is struck with amazement and horror when he enters these so-called homes. Certainly our beloved song of "Home, Sweet Home," has never been translated into the Chinese language, for it would have no beauty to this miserable people. The buildings of the abode of the Celestial are generally some old edifices, more worthy to be devoured by hungry flames than to serve the purpose of a dwelling house for the filthy inhabitants. There are generally three or four stories above ground, and nearly as many under ground. The entire building is divided into as many apartments as possible, and from three to eight Chinamen live in these small dens hardly eight by ten feet square. Every lodging house contains several opium dens, where the inmates spend a time every night smoking the deadly drug. About 99 out of every 100 Chinamen use the opium pipe. All joints are supplied with pipes, lamps and all the instruments necessary for the use of the smoker. Every Chinaman carries a small box of the drug, and its quality depends largely upon the wealth of the user. The opium fiend always takes a reclining position while smoking, and the effects seem to be intoxicating. The dens of the more wealthy class are elegantly fitted up with fine furniture. Every Chinese resort, whether of the wealthy class, or the poorest habitation of the most degraded, contains several opium dens. The drug is quite expensive, and it has the resemblance of thick, dark brown paint.

The theaters have more attractions for the sons of the Orient than the American; but nearly every visitor pays his four bits (50 cents) merely to see the theater, and the manner in which the Celestial stars perform upon the stage. The screeching yells of the actors, mingling with the quaint sounds of the so-called musical instruments, have very little amusement to the civilized senses of the visitor. About five minutes is sufficient to disgust any white man.

The Underground Dens of Iniquity.

Having now seen the principle public places of interest, yet being desirous of seeing the Celestial in every phase of life, we tell the guide to show us all. We are led along dark and filthy alleys, where gambling reigns supreme, and we see the Chinese sentinels before the iron doors of the gambling houses, defying the officers of the law. We are taken by the lights of candles, through underground passages, where the lowest specimens of humanity dwell; where highbinders and ladrones carry on their orgines; where leprosy and all manner of diseased scum of the earth are spending their last days; where the foul air breeds disease, and sickens the strongest of men. Not only are these nauseating influences experienced underground, but in fact, the stench prevails throughout Chinatown. Such is the state of affairs in the city of the Mongolian in our country. Even the mighty pen cannot describe the awfulness.

The Chinaman works for the American, and trades entirely with his countrymen. Thus nearly every dollar that is paid by employers of coolie labor forever goes out of the country, as it is a well known fact that from twelve to fifteen millions of dollars of United States money annually goes to mother China. This is a large leakage to our "ship of finance," and in time it is bound to have great effect on the Pacific coast. These Chinese in San Francisco certainly are

A Great Injury to White Labor.

The coolies seem adapted to perform almost any kind of labor, and as they will work for one half what a white man can live upon, they are in a great measure crowding Americans out of their only means of support. The poor man is becoming poorer, and, at his expense, the coolies and the Six Chinese companies are pouring our money into the coffers of China. Should not American laborers, who are bound by solemn ties to protect and defend our proud nation, be shielded from competing with foreign, heathen paupers? May the day be not far distant when Columbia's proud motto shall be: "America for Americans. The labor of the people, performed *for* the people, and performed *by* the people." The Patrons of Liberty, in the eastern part of the United States, have no idea of the seriousness of this great question. This filthy race of heathens has polluted our beautiful land with that terrible and incurable disease of leprosy. To-day there are over one thousand lepers in the city of San Francisco, and this contagious disease has spread its "Black Wings of Death" over the pale faces until over two hundred Caucasians are afflicted and dying by inches.

Are these disease-breeding heathens to be permitted to dwell in America, until some of our beautiful cities are converted into pest-houses? Mormanism with its polygamy; slavery in its worst stage, were never such a disgrace to the whole country, or to any part, as this non-law-abiding, filthy, polygamous, murderous, disease-breeding scum of the earth. Could the statue of the Goddess of Liberty be placed within view of Chinatown, methinks her brazen cheeks would turn pale, and her head would bow in shame, at this the greatest of all the disgraces, that ever marred the fair name of Columbia. Let our legislature rise up in their dignity and their might, and extirpate this national disgrace, and forever close our doors to the Chinese.

Tooker on the Marriage Contract.

Harper's Bazar.

Prodley—I hear you've been getting married.

Tooker—Yes.

Prodley—Whom did you marry?

Tooker—Millie Jones, her mother, her step-father and two maiden aunts.

Mr. Gladstone's

Second contribution to the *Youth's Companion* deals with an American subject, "Motley, the Historian and Diplomat," whose characteristics he sets forth with remarkable vigor and simplicity. Mr. Blaine has written an article on "Our Government" for the same periodical.

An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where taking is unusual. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Amarillo, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand **photograph** album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderstruck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over **$140**." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Inside charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only **$2**. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments; also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our terms always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms of all mailed **free**. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. H. HALLETT & Co., BOX 742, PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE SOCIETY KISS.

Oh, every one knows what bliss in a kiss is,
That's given and taken with plenty of love;
It's one thing at least that never ceases
That no one's below, and no one's above.

But save us, good Jupiter, save us from kisses
Society ladies exchange when they meet;
For calumniest, coldest of curtesies this is—
Sans sympathy, sugar and served without heat.

Motion one—Purse the lips just over so little;
Motion two—Stick your head out, your model a snake—
Then dab your opponent—as if lips were brittle,
And using them roughly would cause them to break.

Retire in good order, composing your features,
To look like a statue or death mask of wax—
There! you have all the rules by which the dear creatures
Reduce to a science their kissing attacks.

GORDON'S WONDERFUL POWER.

Instances of His Remarkable Courage and Self-Reliance.

What was the secret of his wonderful power? Much of it lay in his fearlessness, much in his swiftness of thought and action, and much in what the Yankee would call his capability in all things, small as well as great. He could ride and shoot, and tinker, and conduct campaigns, and negotiate treaties, all with unhesitating self-reliance. As a matter of course, such a man takes command. Gordon never lacked opportunities to show these qualities. When steaming quietly up the Nile a monkey with which he was playing fell overboard. In a twinkling Gordon was in the water after him. By good luck the crocodiles got neither governor-general nor monkey.

When a nugget was being hauled up the rapids some way south of Lado the cable got away from the men on the bank and the vessel was swept on the rocks. No one would volunteer to go out and pick up the cable, and Gordon jumped in a skiff and went alone. To be sure the skiff upset and the governor-general sat some hours dripping on a rock, but his men had a lesson. On another occasion the garrison of one of the stations was thrown into much anxiety by seeing Gen. Gordon alone, rowing across the river to the east bank, which in that region was occupied by intensely hostile negroes. He landed, made his boat fast, and tried, by a display of beads and wire, to induce the savages to come and talk with him. They simply sat on the hillside and scowled. Finally Gordon shot a hippopotamus and paddled back, leaving the beads on the shore and a fine feast of hippopotamus meat in the rushes. Another man would have been killed. I was amused to see on his table at Khartoum handsome spoons and forks with his crest half effaced by rough scratches. I could fancy Gordon, vexed by some unusual flummery, seizing a rat-tail file and proceeding to put out of his sight one more vanity. It was not that he was not proud of his family. On the contrary, he could pay a man no greater compliment than to say: "You are like a Gordon;" but all the marks and signs of rank sometimes became intolerable to him. —*Col. H. G. Prout in November Scribner.*

A QUESTION OF PATRONAGE.

The Young Gentleman, It Seems, Drew the Line at Vegetables.

A young attache of the British legation at Washington, at a dinner party the other night, chanced to find himself seated next to a very pretty and vivacious girl, whose talk consisted chiefly of interrogatives. She questioned him about England, diplomacy, the nobility of Great Britain, everything imaginable, until at length it occurred to her to query suddenly:

"And do you patronize Irving?"

"Patronize Irving!" said the youthful diplomat, puzzled, "Oh, you mean to ask if I go to see Mr. Irving play? Yes; when I am in London I sometimes have that pleasure."

"And do you patronize Gilbert and Sullivan?" she inquired a few moments later.

"Really—ah—yes, I have heard most of their operas, if that is what you mean."

A little time after the asparagus was being handed around, and the attache declined to take any. The pretty girl helped herself liberally from the dish and then said sweetly, as she turned from it to her neighbor:

"You don't patronize the asparagus, do you?"

LOVELY WOMAN.

A Sage says that a woman is a secret. And it is only in marriage that it is given away.—[Binghamton Herald.

He was a single man who originated the proverb that a woman cannot keep a secret.—[Terre Haute Express.

"A woman can't keep anything," thunders an exchange. What's the reason she can't keep house? Tell us that.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Just Do Your Best.

The signs is bad when folks commence
A-findin' fault with Providence,
And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake
At ev'ry prancin' step they take.
No man is great till he can see
How less than little he would be
If stripped to self, and stark and bare,
He hung his sign out anywhere.

My doctern is to lay aside
Contentions and be satisfied;
Jest do your best, and praise or blame
That follers that ain't counts jest the same.
I've allus noticed great success
Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does the best
That gits more kicks than all the rest.
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

The Polar Bear and Her Young.

The female Polar bear is taught by a wonderful instinct to shelter her young under the snow. In December she retreats to the side of a rock, where, by dint of scraping and letting the snow fall upon her, she forms a cell in which she lives during the winter. There is no fear that she should be stifled for want of air, for the warmth of her breath always keeps a small passage open. Within this strange nursery she produces her young, and remains with them beneath the snow till March, when she comes out into the open air with her baby bears. As the only use of the snow burrow is to shelter the young, the male bears do not hibernate like the females, but roam freely about during the winter months.

Before retiring under the snow the bear eats enormously, so that she becomes very fat, thus laying in an internal store of food which enables her not only to support her own life, but to nourish her young during her long seclusion. By an admirable provision of nature the young Polar bears are extremely small at birth, and grow slowly so long as they are in their crystal nursery, thus needing little food and space. When they emerge from their shelter the mother bear is extremely thin and very fierce.

German Royalty Fitted by Proxy.

A correspondent who is in the secret of how the empresses and princesses of Germany obtain dresses to fit them, states that not one of them ever consults the dressmaker directly. The artist is waited upon with instructions by a lady of the Court, and materials and sketches of the design are sent to the palace for inspection. Even "fitting on" has to be performed in a deputized manner, and the marvel is that a dress should ever be successful. On one matter the royal ladies are particular. They decline to wear in precise detail any costume which has been adopted at any other Court.

Tonsorial Item.

Texas Siftings.

Judge (who is bald headed)—If half what the witnesses testify against you is true, your conscience must be as black as your hair.

Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

Where Did She Get That Hat?

New York Herald.

The shiny black sailor hat has taken possession of the New York girl. Where did she get it? Give us the inventor's name, that we may expose him to the world.

CURRENT COMMENT.

United States.

New York Sun.

Here are a few dates of interest:
1776.—The United States of America.
1824.—The United States of Mexico.
1861.—The United States of Columbia.
1864.—The United States of Venezuela.
1889.—The United States of Brazil.
Will there ever be the United States of North and South America, and how soon?

Why His Heart Is Broken.

Philadelphia Item.

The process of disenchantment is always painful, but a certain young man living in a suburb of Boston must have found it almost unbearable the other night. He was repeating to his beloved the poem which begins:

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours,

and was pausing for rhetorical effect after the words, "How noiseless falls the foot of Time," when the young woman's brutal father appeared upon the scene and kicked him out of the house. All that the girl said was "How inconsiderate!" and that broke his heart. We should have no respect for a heart that failed to break under such circumstances.

Would We Return?

Would we return
If once the gates which closed upon the past
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
When on life April shadows lightly cast,
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes, and brought anear
The far off streams with which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?
—*Robert Wilson Burns.*

A Long Standing Feud.

Binghamton Republican.

Kentucky Applicant to St. Peter—Just let me in long enough to get a shot at Stakes' grandson. There's a feud between our families.

The Last Earthly Act.

San Francisco Alta.

It is probable that on Judgment Day, when planets are colliding in space and the sun is rapidly cooling off and Gabriel is whetting his lips to blow "lights out," the governor of Pennsylvania will ask for a halt while the final distribution is made of the fund to the Johnstown sufferers.

A Parable.

Charlotte Fiske Bates in Congregationalist.

The things that just about us lie
Are things that we can mark,
When light is lessening in the sky,
And twilight turns to dark.

But when from sight close darkness bars
The faces next our own,
O Heaven! with thy million stars,
Our eyes see thee alone!

His Money Talks.

New York Press.

Colonel Calvin S. Brice is out in Ohio trying to prove to Buckeye Democrats that he lives all the year round in that state, and only has a residence of convenience in New York. He will have no trouble in convincing his jury if he spends money enough.

A Few Amplifications.

I.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned"
By her dressmaker's skillful hand.

II.

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,"
Without an undershirt to keep him warm.

III.

"In records that defy the tooth of time,"
The railroad sandwich's career of crime.

IV.

"Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow,"
St. Louis working for the world's great show.
—*Terre Haute Express.*

The High Hat Nuisance.

Baltimore American.

The latest solution for the high hat nuisance at theatres is an adjustable seat, which will be lowered for a woman or elevated for a man. In this way a desirable level might be reached, and the audience could get a view of the stage.

Democratic Imagination.

New York Mail and Express.

The Democrats are still industriously at work discovering "plots" and things out in Montana. The Democratic imagination is at least prodigiously prolific and widely unrestrained.

Who Will Prove It?

San Francisco Chronicle.

George Bancroft, the historian, told a bevy of young girls that the secret of long life lay in never losing one's temper, "If you will never get angry," said the historian, "you will live to be 90."

Boodle in Politics.

Providence Journal.

The next step after the ballot reform law for the improvement of national and state politics should be the adoption of a corrupt-practices act for preventing and punishing the corrupt use of money in election. The great and growing evil of American politics is the improper use of money.

In One Word.

New York Sun.

Here is one of the stories that A. M. Palmer brought back from his summer's trip to Europe. He overheard an animated discussion in the Victoria Hotel, London, between and Englishman and a "Yankee," as all citizens of the United States are called on the other side. The dispute, of course, was relative to the merits of the disputants' respective countries. It happened that the American was a bit the readier with his tongue, and maintained his ground so stubbornly that the Briton at last gave it up with the remark:

"Well, you Yankees are getting so bumptious that we shall have to send over an army pretty soon to take some of the conceit out of you."

The American's reply was one word:

"Again?"

It Will Come.

Dayton Journal.

Canada's road to the United States is first, independence; second, a republic, and then annexation. That is the inevitable route.

They Usually Do.

Boston Transcript.

He—"Have you read 'Looking Backward'?"

She—"Sometimes I have, after finding how the story came out, but not often."

They Are Not Daises.

Baltimore American.

If children are the flowers of the human race, as poets say, are children in the mines ore-kids?

At the Brotherly Game.

Hartford Post.

"How is Sammy? I understood he has been playing foot-ball."

"So he has, but it is the other fellow you need to inquire about. Sammy fell on top."

Instance of Patient Toil.

One of the most remarkable instances of patient toil in ornamenting the pages of a book was separating the columns of the London Polyglot Bible, completed in 1600, by ruling red lines between the columns of print on each page. Five red lines were necessary on each page. These were made by hand, of course, and called for the exercise of the greatest skill and care, for a single blot ruined at least four printed pages. This is the famous Bible which was at first dedicated to the Lord High Protector Cromwell, but who, in a substituted dedication to Charles II., after Cromwell's death, is pleasantly styled "Draco Ille Magnus," "That Great Dragon!"

Mr. Gladstone on America.

American Journal of Science.

Mr. Gladstone has written, "in response to a copy of *Science* mailed to him, containing Gen. M. C. Meigs's article" on "The United States—their growth in population in 1,200 years:"

DEAR SIR:—Your estimate, the boldest I have seen, is full of interest. Evidently there is to be a vast development of material power in the world, and most of all in America. May we hope that moral power is to keep pace with it, that there may be a corresponding growth in the sentiments of humility and reverence towards the Giver of every good and perfect gift. Your faithful and obedient,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Gone to See Sunol.

New York Star.

Robert Bonner has gone to San Francisco to see his new purchase, the wonder, Sunol. Mr. Bonner is probably the only man in the world who ever paid $60,000 for a horse he never saw.

Publishers' Column.

CELEBRATED PICTURES AT POPULAR PRICES.

Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube *at only 25 cents each*. When framed they are fine enough for anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ on Calvary. By the same. Representing the crucifixion of Christ on Calvary.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

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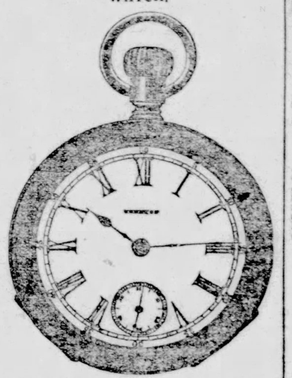

The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $8.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

A FEAST OF FOOD.

A Retrospective Glance of a New England Thanksgiving.

"'T is the Puritan's Thanksgiving Eve;
And gathered home, from fresher homes around,
The old man's children keep the holiday—
In dear New England, since the fathers slept,
The sweetest holiday of all the year."

I remember an old farm house that was nestled down among the rocky hills of New England, which was to me in my childhood's days the scene of some of the rarest joys that come to an imaginative girl to whom the past, as well as the future, seems one unbroken mystery. There was the long living-room with its great open fire-place where were piled huge logs that blazed merrily away up the wide-throated chimney, where went, too, three-fourths of the heat which, caught and imprisoned, would have made the room like summer. As it was, faces were flushed and burning while cold shivers ran down the backs, so that those who were gathered there, if they were good orthodox believers in the reality of a material hell, could have some idea of what the one of fire would be, and also get a taste of the Esquimaux place of future punishment. Probably, however, this was taken as other of the discomforts of those early times were, as something that could not be cured and therefore must be endured. Personally, I recall little of that, as I was still a bit of a girl when the old house was moved away to make room for the smart modern one that to my childish eyes was not half so attractive.

Then there was the company room that was full of pleasant associations for the men and women who had been reared in that home, and then gone their various ways in the world without. One among them, especially dear to me, has told me many stories of the old times there, bringing back the memories of her own childhood's days and the tales that were told to her of the years that reached still further back into the past.

THAT OLD GARRET.

The place of all places to me, however, was the great dim, dark, old garret, with its shadowy nooks and corners that I peopled with all sorts of strange creatures, which were beneficent to my thought or otherwise, as my mood happened to be. Like most other old New England garrets, there were all sorts of dried herbs tied neatly and ranged along the great beams that looked as if the ages could not move them from their places, and these herbs were mingled with bags of nuts that were to do duty in the entertainment of evening guests. At least that was the olden custom, and I think it was a more charming one than the elaborate Delmonico feasts of to-day.

The garret used to divide my allegiance with the cellar that ran under the whole house and was a region of the deepest, darkest mystery to me always. I never went into it alone, but its fascinating, unknown, yet possible horrors always drew me to follow anyone who dared to make a descent into its depths. Once the candle that was the beacon light to save us from the anger of the grotesque creatures I liked to thrill myself with believing dwelt there, fell from its stick, sputtered spitefully a moment and then went out, leaving us in utter darkness. Bidden to stand still while my companion went into the upper regions for another light, my heart fairly stopped beating while I listened for the approach of the fantastic creatures upon whom I had intruded. I did not see them, but they were very real to my fancy.

THANKSGIVING THERE.

Thanksgiving day in that old house was always a season of festivity as it was throughout New England. To the old Puritans it was a sacred season, and they made it memorable. No matter how cold and stormy the time might be, the scattered flock gathered together.

"You could see the great wagons," said the dear one who recalled these by-gone times, "with father, mother and children, from the stalwart youth down the long row—they had large families then—to the tiniest baby in arms, all 'going home to 'grannies' to have a good time together, for, perhaps, the only time in the year.'

And, when they were all under the home roof, what did they care for the weather outside?

"For every heavy gust
That smites the windows with its cloud of sleet,
And shakes the sashes with its ghostly hands,
And rocks the mansion till the chimney's throat
Through all its sooty caverns shrieks and howls,
They give full bursts of careless merriment,
Or songs that send it baffled on its way."

We are accustomed to think of the turkey as an absolute necessity to a New England Thanksgiving dinner, but in the old days, when there was no market to go to, and everybody did not raise them, something else took its place.

"If it chanced that we could not get a gobbler, well stuffed geese or ducks took its place, and we did not feel the difference. Then we always had generous supplies of roast beef and pork, that often were scarcely touched that day, and the great big chicken pie, which never failed to put in an appearance. It was baked in an immense deep platter, the like of which we do not see in these days, and was so large that it frequently made the principal dish at the next Sunday's dinner."

PUDDINGS AND PIES.

"Puddings? Yes and what will seem funny enough to you, I can remember when these were served first before the meats and vegetables. They were usually of two kinds, rice for one and Indian meal for the other, and the pleasure of the youngsters lay in the fact that they were invariably stuffed with raisins. Of course the edge of the appetite was taken off by the pudding course, and we did not eat so much of the meats and other things afterwards. I am not sure but it was a very good fashion."

I am not sure but that there will be many who will get up from the table next Thursday, feeling disposed to agree with that opinion.

Pies, of course, were a necessity. The good housewife had spent days in preparation, and the long pantry shelves were filled with this American triumph in cookery. There were mince pies enough to last all winter, and pumpkin pies *ad infinitum*.

"But the one of all others that we youngsters liked was the tart pie, partly because it was only by special grace that we had it at all, and partly because it looked so pretty, with its dark rich surface mottled over with strange figures of flaky pie crust. They never taste now as they used to in those days."

The early evening shadows would shut down upon the short day long before all the dishes were washed and put away, but when that was done, and the little ones were stowed safely away in bed, there would be a gathering of friends and neighbors, and the hours until midnight, would speed away right merrily in songs, games, and stories, with an intermission devoted to apples, nuts and sweet cider. Then, with the good-night's spoken, Thanksgiving Day, proper, was over.

I say "Thanksgiving Day proper" for the merry-making did not end then. The next day was devoted to visiting and feasting, and the families did not break up until Saturday, when all returned home to make ready for Sunday.

THE OLD LAW.

Though it was such a day for social pleasures, yet it was always begun by church-going, and the men, until less than half a century ago were not allowed to work. "All servile labor and vain recreations are forbidden," so read the law, and any infringement was punishable. In this case discrimination was made in favor of the women—for they not only *might* work, but they were compelled to do more than usual, so it is an open question whether in their heart of hearts they congratulated themselves.

The letter of the restriction was done away with in Connecticut through the influence of a man who had not a Puritan respect for the religious character of the day, and ventured to drive some nails in a fence post on Thanksgiving morning. A neighbor saw the sacreligious act, reported it, and he was arrested and fined. The next year he went to the legislature, and managed to have the law repealed.

Those were the old Thanksgiving days in New England, but the observance of the day has spread as the people of its farms and villages have sought for homes to the westward, until now, in the length and breadth of the land there are few homes when its coming has not a pleasant, or a tender, if sad, meaning. Few indeed there are who have not reason to be glad and thankful for something, and indeed I may say, there are none, for whatever may be the present, there is always the beautiful "beyond" and the blessed "sometime," to be lived for, that shall endure forever. EMILY S. BOUTON.

CARE THAT IS ECONOMY.

It is said that a French woman dresses far better upon a limited sum of money than the American, and the reason is not that she has more ingenuity and taste, though it is asserted that she has, but because she takes such excellent care of what she possesses. She never puts a garment away with the dust in; she never leaves a rent to grow larger; she never uses a pin where there should be a hook or a button, but all of these things are attended to in season, and therefore her apparel retains its freshness much longer.

In the first place, when the dress is taken off it should be looked over carefully. If the bottom has gathered dust, or it has settled in the folds, it should all be taken out before it is put away. Use a brush for wool dresses, and a soft cloth for silk. A soft brush is needed for velvet. If a single stitch is broken anywhere, see that it is made good, and then turn the gown and hang carefully away. If you have one of the large chests now so often made for this purpose and covered to look like a bounce, it is well to lay your nice dresses out at length, as then they do not get a stringy look from hanging.

Gloves may be worn much longer if they are pulled off gently, then the thumbs and fingers carefully smoothed out and they are laid away in that fashion in a box used for the purpose. Many people—I have been one myself—will turn them off, turning them wrong side out in the process, then roll them up in a little wad together and leave them that way until they want to wear them again. Of course they will soon look shabby.

If shoes are dusty or muddy when taken off, they should be cleaned as soon as possible, with a soft black cloth to rub them off with. Keep buttons sewed on and ties in good order, and do not use shoe polish upon them until compelled to do so.

Brush the dust out of hats and bonnets before putting them away, and never leave them where they can be crushed in any way. Ostrich feathers should always be held in the heat a little during out in the damp air in order to be re-curled.

Furs should always be dried in the cold, when they have been dampened or wet. This during the season, but as soon as warm weather comes, put them carefully where moths cannot reach them. I have found that pinning them carefully in paper or in a linen cover preserved them as effectually as using any kind of material, gum, pepper, etc., with them.

In the fall, it is always well to put the summer clothes all in order, ready to wear, before laying them away for the season. While dresses, etc., may be washed and left unironed if you choose, do not lay them away needing mending. The same thing is true of winter clothing.

A careful following out of these directions will be a great economy in dress.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

ABOUT PORTIERES.—In regard to portieres a light quality of duck is very pretty. It has the advantage of being alike on both sides and so requires no lining. It can be painted or worked in outline or cross-stitch. The ends may be hemmed or fringed. It comes in blue, brown, drab and white. Blue or brown window curtains and portiere for dining-room may have a fruit border along the side and end, in outline worked with yellow or red. If desired, about fifteen inches may turned down from the top and a border worked across. Such is pretty for screen, panels, splashers, etc. Three sides of the splashers are fringed out, and the morning-glory design, described in THE BLADE, would be pretty worked in the center.—MRS. J. H. IRONS, Carl Junction, Mo.

Our correspondent's pleasant words are appreciated.—ED.

SCARFS AND TIDIES.—Some one asked for some pretty scarfs or tidies. I have been making some that I think are really beautiful: One yard of white bolting cloth or silk, and trace a pattern of some sea weed or fine grass on one end. Get a pretty study or the real thing. Go over it with lead pencil and trace it with three shades of green (from sea to grass) or brown or red (the brown from yellow to seal and from red to terra cotta.) Finish the edge with fine lace and work the flowers in the lace; button-hole stitch with the color of silk you use in tracing. The other end is short and plain, only having lace and some silk balls over the lace. Finish with a bow of ribbon to match. These scarfs are pretty painted in oil. Be careful to rub the paint in well. One that is pretty is a yellow (dark) china silk worked in rope silk and plain floss silk, all yellow, a lighter or darker shade, in round rings, with a poppy or morning glory between each ring, and a few each side, drawing straight lines across and tracing in rope silk. Edge with long fringe. This makes a yellow scarf.—CARRIE ELIZABETH.

Many pretty things for Christmas gifts that can be made at home are described in "Fancy Work and House Decoration." Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

SOME SUGGESTIONS.—Household friends, are you aware that Xmas time is coming? And are you trying to make one dollar mean two? If so, you no doubt have much company, for there is never a time when the purse seems so inadequate as when we feel it is "More blessed to give than to receive." A very great deal of this difficulty can be overcome, however, for in the language of Phoebe Cary,

"He who seeks to pluck the stars,
May lose the jewels at his feet."

Upon reading a description of a scrap-bag in the HOUSEHOLD, I began a search for material. Not at the store or shop, but proceeded to undo various bundles, which will accumulate in any house where the mistress has been taught, "Keep all thing ten years and you will find some use for it."

The first jewel was a few strips of grey linen, cut evenly, 3½ inches wide by 18 in length. Upon each of these by the use of a silver dollar I drew circles and cresents, which, when outlined with red working cotton of the same class. Pieces of plush and odds and ends of ribbon will answer the same purpose. So much for scrap bags and the beginning of a search, for I know there are more treasures hidden in these mysterious bundles.—MRS. GILEAD.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind: t t o, throw thread over; b, bind: o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s n st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

OLD-TOWN LACE.—Cast on 15 stitches. 1st row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—k 8. 2d row—k 9—k 1, loop—p 1, loop—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 3d row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 12. 4th row—k 12—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 5th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 7. 6th row—k 8—k 1, loop—p 1, loop—k 1 — k 1, loop —p 1, loop—k 1—o 2 — p 2 tog — k 2. 7th row—k 2—o 2 — p 2 tog — k 14. 8th row—k 14—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 9th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—o 2—n—o 2—n—o 2—n—k 7. 10th row—k 8—k 1, loop—p 1, loop—k 1, loop—p 1, loop—k 1, loop—p 1, loop—k 1—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. 11th row—k 2—o 2—p 2 tog—k 17. 12th row—bind off 14 stitches on the left hand needle—k 10—o 2—p 2 tog—k 2. This is very pretty made, of Saxony linen, or knitting silk. One spool of knitting silk will make 1½ yards of lace. Hope the sisters will try this.—HATTIE.

SHELL MITTENS.—Cast on 53 stitches. 1st row—knit plain. 2d row—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—o

Our Biblical Story.

JOSHUA;

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

BY PROF. GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.—NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUCH disturbed and grieved by such thoughts as these, Miriam turned her steps homeward to retire to rest; but as she reached the threshold she stayed her steps and listened once more, gazing northward whence Joshua must come. Nothing was to be heard but the tramp of a watchman and the voice of Hur as he went the rounds of the camp with a company of armed men. He, too, had found it impossible to rest within.

The night was mild and bright with stars, the hour meet for silent dreaming under the sycamore. Her seat was vacant under the ancient tree, so, with a bowed head, she made her way to the favorite spot which on the morrow she must quit forever. But she had not reached the bench when she suddenly stopped, raised her head, and pressed her hand to her panting bosom. She had heard the tramp of hoofs, she was sure of it, and the sound came from the north. Were the chariots of Pharaoh hurrying down to fall upon the Hebrew camp? Should she shout to wake the men-at-arms? Or could it indeed be he whom she so passionately longed for? Yes, yes. It was the step of a single horse, and it must be some new arrival, for there was a stir among the tents, and clapping of hands and shouts and eager talking came nearer and nearer as the horseman approached.

It was Joshua, she felt certain.

That he should have ridden forth through the night and torn asunder the ties which bound him to Pharaoh and his brethren in arms was a proof of his obedience. Love had steeled his will and lent speed to his steed, and the thanks which love alone can give, the reward which love alone can bestow, should no longer be withheld from him. He should learn in her arms that, though he had given up much, it was to earn something sweeter and fairer. She felt as though the night about her was as bright as nonoday, when her ear told her that the rider was making straight for Aminadab's dwelling. By that she knew that it was herself that had brought him to seek her before going to his father, who had found lodging in the empty, roomy house belonging to his grandson Ephraim.

Joshua would gladly have flown to her side as fast as his horse could carry him, but it was not safe to ride at too brisk a pace through the dark camp, and the minutes seemed till at last she saw the horseman, till he leaped from the saddle, and his companion flung the reins to another man who came behind!

It was, indeed, Joshua. But his comrade —whom she saw quite plainly, and started at the sight—was not Hur, the husband who a few hours since had asked her to be his wife.

There they stood, side by side in the star-light, the two men her suitors, their figures lighted up by the blazing pine torches which were still burning by the carts and litters where they stood ready for the next morning's march.

The elder Hebrew, a splendid man, was much taller than the younger and no less strongly-built warrior, and the lord of many herds held his head no less high than the Egyptian hero. Both spoke with grave decision; but her lover's voice was the deeper and fuller. Now they were so close to her that she could hear what they were saying.

Hur was telling the newcomer that Moses had gone forth to reconnoiter, and Joshua expressed his regret, as he had a matter of importance to discuss with him.

In that grave hour they would have to set forth with them at daybreak, Hur observed, for Moses thought to meet the people on the way. Then he pointed to the house of Miriam's protector, Aminadab, which lay in total darkness, unbroken by a single twinkling light, and desired Joshua to come with him and spend the remainder of the night under his roof, for no doubt he would fain not rouse his father at so late an hour. At this, as Miriam saw, her friend hesitated and looked inquiringly up at the women's rooms and the roof, and then, knowing whom he sought and unable any longer to resist the impulse of her heart, she went forward from under the shadow of the sycamore and warmly bid Joanna welcome. He, too, seemed to content the joy of his heart, and Hur, standing by, saw the reunited pair clasp hands, at first in silence and then with eager words of greeting.

"I knew that you would come!" cried Miriam, and Joshua replied with glad emotion: "That you might easily know, I, too, listened, for one of the voices that bid me hither was your own." Then he added more calmly: "I hoped to find your brother here with you, for I am the bearer of a message of the greatest importance to him, to us and to the people. I find all made ready for departing, and I should be sorry if your venerable protectors were roused from their rest and hurried forward to a perilous adventure which it seems possible to avert."

"You mean——?" asked Hur, and he came closer.

"I mean," replied Joshua, "that if Moses persists in leading the multitude forth eastward, there will be much useless bloodshed to-morrow, for I heard at Tanis that the garrisons of Etham have orders not to let a single man pass, much less this countless multitude whose numbers dismayed me as I rode through the camp. I know Apoo, who commands the place, and the legions who serve under him. There will be a fearful and fruitless butchery among our unarmed and ill-conditioned tribes—in short, I must speak strongly to Moses, and immediately, to avert the worst, before it is too late."

"We have not failed to fear all that you can warn us of," replied Hur, "and it is expressly to avert it that Moses has set forth on a perilous journey."

"Whither?" asked Joshua.

"That is the secret of the leaders of the people."

"Among them my father?"

"No doubt, and I am ready to lead you to him. If he thinks fit to inform you——"

"If that is contrary to his duty" he will be silent. Who leads the marching host to-morrow?"

"I do."

"You?" cried Joshua in surprise, and the other quietly replied:

"You are amazed that a shepherd should be so bold as to lead an army, but the Lord God of Hosts, in whom we put our trust, is indeed our captain, and I look for His guidance."

"It is well," replied Joshua, "but I too believe that the God of our fathers, who called me hither by the voice of Miriam, has intrusted me with a message of great importance. I must find Moses before it is too late."

"You have been told that till to-morrow, or even till the day after, he is beyond our reach, even mine. Will you meanwhile speak with Aaron?"

"Is he in the camp?"

"No; but we look for his return before the departing of the people—that is to say, in a few hours."

"His be the right of deciding questions of importance in the absence of Moses?"

"No; he only declares to the people in eloquent words that which his great brother commands."

At this the disappointed warrior gazed thoughtfully on the ground; but after a moment's reflection he eagerly went on: "It is to Moses that the Lord declared His holy will; but to you, too, his noble virgin sister, to you, too, the Most High reveals himself."

"Oh, Joshua," the prophetess broke in, lifting her hands to him with an imploring and expressive gesture; but the calm of her mien and voice had no need to be recovered, and went on in an earnest tone: "The Lord God charged you to call me his servant, back to his people. He commanded you to give me the word I am to hear, instead of that given me by my father and mother, and which I have borne in honor for thirty years. In obedience to your bidding I have cast from me all that could make me upset among men. It was my way to face death in Egypt, with my God and your image in my heart, that the message came to me which I can here to deliver, and I therefore believe that it was laid upon me by the Most High. I am constrained to deliver it to the leader of the nation; so, as I cannot find Moses, I can do no better than to deliver it to you, who, next to your brother, dwells nearest to God. I pray you now to hear me; but the words I have to speak are not yet ripe for any third hearer. At this Hur drew himself up. Breaking in on Joshua's speech, he asked Miriam whether it was her desire to hear what the son of Nun should say without witnesses, and she replied in a low voice, "Yes."

Hur turned to the warrior and said, with cold pride: "I believe that Miriam knows the will of the Lord, and likewise her brother's, and that she is aware of what beseems a woman of Israel. If I am not mistaken it was under this very tree that your own father, the venerable Nun, repeated to my son Uri the only reply which Moses will give to the bearer of such message as yours."

"Do you know it, then?" asked the soldier, sternly.

"No," replied the other, "but I guess its purport. See here." He stooped with youthful agility, raised two large stones, so that they supported each other, rolled a few smaller stones into a heap around them, and, then, in breathless eagerness, he spoke as follows:

"This heap shall be a witness between me and thee, like the heap of Mizpah which Laban and Jacob made when Laban called upon the Lord to watch between him and Israel; so do I now, and I show you this heap that thou mayest remember it when we are absent one from another. I set my hand on the heap of stones, and I declare that I, Hur, the son of Caleb and Ephratah, put my trust in none other but only in the Lord, the God of our fathers, and am ready to do his bidding by which he calleth us out of the land of Pharaoh to the land which he hath promised us. And thou, Joshua, the son of Nun, do I ask and the Lord our God beareth me witness, if captain, who any brother than that of the God of Abraham, who chose thy nation to be His own people? Moreover, thou shalt answer and say whether henceforth thou wilt hold the Egyptians who oppressed us, and cast off those who hold the Lord our God hath promised to redeem us, as the foes forever of thy people?"

There was a dark look in the warrior's bearded face, and he was about to add a word down the heap of stones and dismiss the overbold questioner with a wrathful reply; but Miriam had laid her hand on the top of the heap, and, seizing his right hand, she cried:

"In the name of thee in the sight of our God and Lord who is our witness!"

Joshua was able to control his wrath, and pressing the maiden's hand as he held it he answered with due solemnity: "He asks me, but I cannot answer him; for 'yea' and 'nay' say little in this case. Yet let all God to witness on my part, and here by this heap of stones you, Miriam, shall hear what I have in my mind and wherefor I am come. And thou, Hur, see here! Like thee I lay my hand on the heap and testify that I, Joshua, the son of Nun, put my trust in none other but only in the Lord God of our fathers. He shall stand between thee and me as a witness and decide whether my way is His way or the way of an erring man. I will walk in His way as he hath declared it to Moses and to his holy maiden. That I swear with an oath, and to that God be my witness."

Hur had listened eagerly, and now, persuaded by the gravity of Joshua's speech, he cried: "Then will I take an oath! And I, too, by this heap, will take an oath! If the hour should come when, remembering this heap, thou shalt give the testimony which thou hast ordered me, no word henceforth shall come between us: and if it be the will of the Lord I will deliver into thy hands the leadership, for thou in many wars hast learned more skill than I, who have ruled only over herds and flocks. And thou, Miriam, bear in mind that this heap is a witness of the words you twain shall speak here in the sight of God. Call to mind the wrathful words we heard from the lips of Moses by this man's father; yes, and I call God to witness that I would have darkened the life of Uri, my beloved son, who is the joy of my heart, if he had spoken to the people by permission of the lying demon which he delivered to us, for it would have turned away those of little faith from their God. Remember this, maiden, and again hear this: If thou needest me thou canst find me. The door I opened, come what may, will never be shut."

And he turned away from Miriam and the soldier.

Something, they knew not what, had come over them. He, who all through his long ride, beset with many dangers, had longed with burning ardor for the moment which should see him reunited to the maid he loved, stood looking down in confusion and deep anxiety. Miriam, who at his approach had been ready to bestow on him all that a woman has of best and sweetest to reward truth and love without, had sunk on the ground in front of the awful heap of stones, and clung to the sycamore tree, as it was pressing her head against its old hollow trunk.

CHAPTER XV.

OR some time nothing was to be heard under the sycamore but the young girl's low sobbing and the impatient step of the warrior, who, while struggling for composure himself, did not venture to address her. He could not fully understand what this was that had suddenly come like a mountain between him and the woman he loved.

He had learned from Hur's speech that Moses and his own father had each, severally, rejected all meditation; and yet to him the promises he was empowered to make seemed a grace and gift from Heaven. As yet none of his nation had heard them, and if Moses were the man he believed him, the Lord must of a surety open his eyes and show him that He had chosen Joshua to guide the people to a happier future; nor did he doubt that he could easily win over his father, Nun. It was in full conviction that he had again sworn that it was indeed the Most High who had shown him this way; and after thinking all this over, as Miriam at length rose, he went toward her with renewed hope. The love in his heart prompted him to clasp her in his arms; but she drew back, and her voice, usually so pure and full, sounded harsh and husky as she asked him wherefore he had tarried so long, and what it was that he purposed to reveal to her.

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"Oh, Joshua," the prophetess broke in, lifting her hands to him with an imploring and expressive gesture; but the calm of her mien and voice had no need to be recovered, and went on in an earnest tone: "The Lord God charged you to call me his servant, back to his people. He commanded you to give me the word I am to hear, instead of that given me by my father and mother, and which I have borne in honor for thirty years. In obedience to your bidding I have cast from me all that could make me upset among men. It was my way to face death in Egypt, with my God and your image in my heart, that the message came to me which I can here to deliver, and I therefore believe that it was laid upon me by the Most High. I am constrained to deliver it to the leader of the nation; so, as I cannot find Moses, I can do no better than to deliver it to you, who, next to your brother, dwells nearest to God. I pray you now to hear me; but the words I have to speak are not yet ripe for any third hearer. At this Hur drew himself up. Breaking in on Joshua's speech, he asked Miriam whether it was her desire to hear what the son of Nun should say without witnesses, and she replied in a low voice, "Yes."

Hur turned to the warrior and said, with cold pride: "I believe that Miriam knows the will of the Lord, and likewise her brother's, and that she is aware of what beseems a woman of Israel. If I am not mistaken it was under this very tree that your own father, the venerable Nun, repeated to my son Uri the only reply which Moses will give to the bearer of such message as yours."

"Do you know it, then?" asked the soldier, sternly.

"No," replied the other, "but I guess its purport. See here." He stooped with youthful agility, raised two large stones, so that they supported each other, rolled a few smaller stones into a heap around them, and, then, in breathless eagerness, he spoke as follows:

"This heap shall be a witness between me and thee, like the heap of Mizpah which Laban and Jacob made when Laban called upon the Lord to watch between him and Israel; so do I now, and I show you this heap that thou mayest remember it when we are absent one from another. I set my hand on the heap of stones, and I declare that I, Hur, the son of Caleb and Ephratah, put my trust in none other but only in the Lord, the God of our fathers, and am ready to do his bidding by which he calleth us out of the land of Pharaoh to the land which he hath promised us. And thou, Joshua, the son of Nun, do I ask and the Lord our God beareth me witness, if captain, who any brother than that of the God of Abraham, who chose thy nation to be His own people? Moreover, thou shalt answer and say whether henceforth thou wilt hold the Egyptians who oppressed us, and cast off those who hold the Lord our God hath promised to redeem us, as the foes forever of thy people?"

There was a dark look in the warrior's bearded face, and he was about to add a word down the heap of stones and dismiss the overbold questioner with a wrathful reply; but Miriam had laid her hand on the top of the heap, and, seizing his right hand, she cried:

"In the name of thee in the sight of our God and Lord who is our witness!"

Joshua was able to control his wrath, and pressing the maiden's hand as he held it he answered with due solemnity: "He asks me, but I cannot answer him; for 'yea' and 'nay' say little in this case. Yet let all God to witness on my part, and here by this heap of stones you, Miriam, shall hear what I have in my mind and wherefor I am come. And thou, Hur, see here! Like thee I lay my hand on the heap and testify that I, Joshua, the son of Nun, put my trust in none other but only in the Lord God of our fathers. He shall stand between thee and me as a witness and decide whether my way is His way or the way of an erring man. I will walk in His way as he hath declared it to Moses and to his holy maiden. That I swear with an oath, and to that God be my witness."

Hur had listened eagerly, and now, persuaded by the gravity of Joshua's speech, he cried: "Then will I take an oath! And I, too, by this heap, will take an oath! If the hour should come when, remembering this heap, thou shalt give the testimony which thou hast ordered me, no word henceforth shall come between us: and if it be the will of the Lord I will deliver into thy hands the leadership, for thou in many wars hast learned more skill than I, who have ruled only over herds and flocks. And thou, Miriam, bear in mind that this heap is a witness of the words you twain shall speak here in the sight of God. Call to mind the wrathful words we heard from the lips of Moses by this man's father; yes, and I call God to witness that I would have darkened the life of Uri, my beloved son, who is the joy of my heart, if he had spoken to the people by permission of the lying demon which he delivered to us, for it would have turned away those of little faith from their God. Remember this, maiden, and again hear this: If thou needest me thou canst find me. The door I opened, come what may, will never be shut."

And he turned away from Miriam and the soldier.

Something, they knew not what, had come over them. He, who all through his long ride, beset with many dangers, had longed with burning ardor for the moment which should see him reunited to the maid he loved, stood looking down in confusion and deep anxiety. Miriam, who at his approach had been ready to bestow on him all that a woman has of best and sweetest to reward truth and love without, had sunk on the ground in front of the awful heap of stones, and clung to the sycamore tree, as it was pressing her head against its old hollow trunk.

CHAPTER XV.

OR some time nothing was to be heard under the sycamore but the young girl's low sobbing and the impatient step of the warrior, who, while struggling for composure himself, did not venture to address her. He could not fully understand what this was that had suddenly come like a mountain between him and the woman he loved.

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"Oh, Joshua," the prophetess broke in, lifting her hands to him with an imploring and expressive gesture; but the calm of her mien and voice had no need to be recovered, and went on in an earnest tone: "The Lord God charged you to call me his servant, back to his people. He commanded you to give me the word I am to hear, instead of that given me by my father and mother, and which I have borne in honor for thirty years. In obedience to your bidding I have cast from me all that could make me upset among men. It was my way to face death in Egypt, with my God and your image in my heart, that the message came to me which I can here to deliver, and I therefore believe that it was laid upon me by the Most High. I am constrained to deliver it to the leader of the nation; so, as I cannot find Moses, I can do no better than to deliver it to you, who, next to your brother, dwells nearest to God. I pray you now to hear me; but the words I have to speak are not yet ripe for any third hearer. At this Hur drew himself up. Breaking in on Joshua's speech, he asked Miriam whether it was her desire to hear what the son of Nun

honor of Amon, with his ram's head, or of Isis, with the head of a cow; but often, too, of the Almighty Lord who revealed himself to Abraham, and of whom my mother spoke more often as she grew older. And this was what I loved best—to think in silence of such songs of praise, and wait for visions in which I saw God's greatness and glory, or fair angels and hideous demons.

"From a merry child I had become a pensive maiden who let her life pass as it might. There was no one to warn or to hinder me; my parents were now dead and I lived alone with my Aunt Rachel, a misery to myself and no joy to any one else. Aaron, my eldest brother, had gone to dwell with his father-in-law, Aminadab, for the old home of Amram, his inheritance, was too small for him, and he had bestowed it on me. My companions even avoided me, for all gladness had departed from me and I looked down upon them in sinful scorn because I could compose songs and see more in my visions than over they saw.

"Now I was 19, and on the eve of my birthday, which I remembered save Mileah, Eleazar's daughter, the Lord for the first time gave me a message. He appeared in the form of an angel and bid me set the house in order, for a guest was on the way whom I loved greatly.

"It was very early in the morning and I sat under this tree; so I went into the house and with old Rachel's help I made it clean in order and made ready a bed, and prepared a meal with wine and all that we welcome a guest withal. But noon came, and the afternoon and the evening became night, and the night morning, and I sat still waiting for the guest. However, as the sun was getting low that day the dogs began to bark loudly, and when I went forth to the gate a tall man came hurrying toward me. His head was bare and he was old, and he wore a priest's

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made by President Harrison.

The President made the following appointments on Nov. 20:

John D. Sloane, of Minnesota, to be supervising inspector of steam vessels for the Fifth district, (St. Paul, Minn.) Dennis Egan, of Florida, to be collector of internal revenue for the district of Florida. Ross Cuffin, of Missouri, to be surveyor of customs for the port of Kansas City, Mo. Augustus Shaw, of Indiana, to be deputy third auditor of the treasury.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on Nov. 22:

F. B. Noffinger at Kansas City, Mo.; Francis M. Cockrell at Memphis, Mo.; Thomas C. Hammond at Moundsville, W. Va.; Wm. G. Reposs at Wytheville, Va.; Charles S. Triplett at Leoti, Kas.; Wm. W. Hasbell at Ord, Neb.; M. M. Butler at Weeping Water, Neb.; Wm. M. Beech at Abingdon, Ills.; Edmund J. Beatty at Delvan, Ill.; Harry O. Call at Mason, Mich.; Madison T. Pedigo at Glasgow, Ky.; John B. Earle at Madisonville, Ky.; Orville S. Basford at Redfield, S. D.; Wm. H. Johnson at Scotland, S. D.; J. D. Reeves at Groton, S. D.; John G. Evans at Butte City, Mont.; Vining A. Cook at Boulder Valley, Mont.; Herman F. Menough at Rock Springs, Wyo.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Synopsis of the Annual Report of Secretary Proctor.

The annual report of Secretary of War Proctor shows that expenditures of appropriations under his direction for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, were $46,654,121 74. The appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, amount to $33,989,-200 18, the largest difference being mainly due to the reduction in the appropriation for public works. The estimates for the next fiscal year, ending June 30, 1891, call for $44,157,973 95, of which $11,-190,134 74 is for public works.

The secretary concurs in the report of the major general commanding the army, and the recommendation that the artillery be re-organized into seven instead of five regiments, and the dropping of the additional first lieutenant as no longer necessary. He recommends an increase in the army, because of the increase in population. The retired list is now limited to 400. It is full, but there are 48 officers who are incapacitated for active service, and waiting to be retired.

The restriction as to number should be removed. He strongly urges a system of coast defenses and that no time be lost in placing the capital of the country, the commercial metropolis on the Atlantic seaboard and at least one port on the Pacific in the best possible state of defense. He favors legislation to prevent the obstruction of navigable rivers.

The record evidence required by the Pension office in the consideration of army pension cases is entirely furnished by this department. The buildings of two months, the medical record and the service record. The former is taken from the regimental, post, field, and general hospital record books.

These were not always well kept, and from twenty-five years' service they had become badly worn, often hardly legible. The work of furnishing details from the Pension office for information from these records was greatly in arrears until in December, 1886, it was, by my predecessor, put under the charge of Capt. Ainsworth, assistant surgeon, and under his energetic business management it was brought up, and the card-index system inaugurated. Every man's complete record is now made, no matter in how many hospitals he may have been, is, under this system, transcribed to cards of indestructible paper, and these are arranged by regiments and alphabetically so that the complete medical record can be found at once. This work is now brought up so that, as a rule, all claims from the Pension office (which average about 1,000 per day) for either service or hospital record are furnished within 24 hours.

He recommends that greater attention be given to instruction in military signaling, not only to the army, but to some extent to the militia. This corps operates 64 offices, 621 miles of sea coast and 1,015 of military lines.

THE POSTOFFICE.

Annual Report of Second Assistant Whitfield.

The annual report of Second Assistant Postmaster General Whitfield, shows that the number of star mail routes in operation on June 30, 1889, was 15,077, upon which the total cost of the service was $5,177,195. The annual rate of expenditure on July 1, 1889, under contracts let during the last fiscal year, for the performance of star service from July 1, 1889, to June 30, 1893, in the first contract section, embracing the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia was $1,373,259, a decrease from the annual rate of expenditure for service in the same states on June 30, 1889, of $15,166; representing a saving of $60,664 for the ensuing contract term of four years from July 1, 1889. Mr. Whitfield refers to the competition among professional bidders for securing star service, and says that although such competition has saved to the government exceedingly cheap rates, it cannot truthfully be said to have tended to the improvement of the service.

He recommends the appointment of a commission to investigate and report upon this subject, with a view to make the carrying of mails under the star route system equitable alike to the government and the contractor and relieve it as far as possible from the evils and inequities with which it is burdened.

The annual rate of expenditure for railroad transportation, in all rates on which pay was adjusted on June 30, 1889, is shown to have been $19,441,095. The number of routes was 2,113; the aggregate length of routes was 150,381 miles, and the annual travel 204,194,489 miles. The rate of cost per mile traveled was 9.52 cents. The sum estimated as necessary for the current fiscal year is $20,000,000. The amount estimated as necessary for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, is $21,-906,275.

ASSISTANT CLARKSON.

What He Has to Say in His Annual Report.

The annual report of First Assistant Postmaster-General J. S. Clarkson shows that 2,770 fourth-class postoffices were established during the last fiscal year, as against 3,864 established during the previous year. One thousand one hundred and forty seven postoffices were discontinued during the same time, making the total number of postoffices in operation on July 1, 1889, 58,599, of which number 2,683 are Presidential offices.

The increase in the whole number of postoffices in operation at the end of the fiscal year was 1,623 in excess of the previous year. The whole number of appointments of postmasters for the year is shown to have been 20,030, of which 8,854 were on resignations and commissions expired; 7,853 on removals; 553 on death of postmasters; 2,770 on establishments of postoffices.

By the annual adjustment of the salaries of postmasters, which took effect July 1, 1889, forty-six offices of the third class were reduced to the fourth class and fifteen offices of the fourth class were raised to the third class, leaving 2,652 Presidential offices in operation on July 1, 1889. The number of money order offices in operation at the close of the fiscal year was 8,583, an increase of 472 for the year. The number of money order stations in operation July 1, 1889, was 144, an increase of fourteen over the previous year. The number of postal note offices in operation at the end of the year was 557.

The report shows that on June 30, 1889, there were 401 free delivery postoffices in operation, an increase of 43 for the year. In about 45 other offices, the free delivery service has been established since June 30, 1889. The number of carriers in the service on July 1, 1889, was 8,275; an increase of 1,911 over the previous year. This large increase, it is said, is mainly due to the enactment of the law limiting the labor of carriers to eight hours a day. The number of pieces of mail matter handled by carriers during the year was 8,085,805,540, an increase of nearly 455,-000,000 pieces.

The amount received for local postage was over nine and a half millions of dollars, an increase for the year of nearly two million dollars. The excess of postage on local matter over the total cost of the service was $2,578,979, an increase over the previous year of $276,647. From the date of the establishment of the free delivery system, July 1, 1863, until June 30, 1874, the cost of the service is shown to have exceeded the receipts from local postage. Since the latter date, the balance on the credit side has steadily increased from year to year.

Col. J. F. Bates, the superintendent of the free delivery system, has recommended to Gen. Clarkson the extension of the service to all places which have a population of 5,000, the postoffice of which produces a gross revenue for the previous fiscal year of at least $8,000; the separation, as far as possible, of the delivery and collection service, and that a class to be known as "collectors" be created to perform collection service only; that carriers who have become disabled in line of duty be paid the legal salary for a stated period after the incurrence of their disability, out of the regular appropriation for the service.

The gross receipts of the 2,683 presidential offices for the year were $41,754,090, which is an increase of 8.5 per cent for the year. The aggregate of the salaries of presidential postmasters for the year was $4,429,100, representing an increase of 5.4 per cent. The aggregate of the estimates for compensation of postmaster's clerks in postoffices, rents, light, fuel, etc., for presidential offices is $22,967,500, an increase of $1,257,420 as compared with the previous year.

WILL PROSECUTE.

The Civil Service Commission After The Old Dominion League.

The civil service commission has just laid before the President, with the recommendation, it is understood, that the offenders be prosecuted, its report on the old Dominion Republican league of Virginia for violation of the civil service law in soliciting contributions for political purposes among the clerks of the government departments. The circular which was sent out by the Old Dominion political league was signed by C. A. Newton, as president, and Brooke Smith as secretary.

Among the officers of the league whose names were printed on the circular were those of J. J. Vissner, an employe of the government printing office; W. C. Elam, a chief of division in the general land office, and Mr. Goodwin. All the evidence in the case collected by the civil service commission, which is very voluminous, also accompanied the letter of recommendation to the press.

The commissioners, it is said, are confident of having made out a good case against the accused, and it now rests with the President to direct in his judgment the prosecution by the attorney-general, to whom the recommendations and evidence in the natural order of business will go. This is the first recommendation for prosecution of this character made by the commission. The civil service commission also handed the President their annual report for the current fiscal year.

SOCIETY SENSATION.

Mrs. Mary Thurman Cowles Divorced From Her Husband.

Washington society is all torn up over the news received on November 25, that Mrs. Mary Thurman Cowles, the eldest daughter of Judge Allan G. Thurman, had secured a divorce from her husband at San Diego, Cal. The charges on which Mrs. Cowles was successful in her suit, it is said, were simply those of neglect and refusal to support.

Much more serious accusations might have been made and in all probability substantiated. Lieut. Cowles is now in command of the United States steamer Dispatch, the steamer which is generally used by government officials on trips of inspection and by the President on gala naval occasions. His tenure on that "soft snap" has been shaky for some time past and it is more than probable that he will be sent to some foreign station shortly and the command of the Dispatch given to a more manly man.

Should the navy department can take no action in the case, but it is almost certain that a transfer will soon take place.

Cowles's brother officers are very much disgusted with him because he wanted to spend, and did spend, not only all of his salary, but demanded of his wife a considerable portion of the allowance which his wife received from her father.

Pension Statement.

Cyrus Bussey, the assistant secretary of the Interior, has submitted to Secretary Noble a report of the operations of his office in the adjudication of pension claims that are appealed from the decisions of the commissioner of Pensions. The process of investigation to which pension appeals are subjected, says the assistant secretary, is distinct from the method which is applied to the original examination of claims in the bureau of pensions, and yet the two are related, inasmuch as the adjudication of each appeal is based upon the commissioner's rejection of the claim, the record and all the accompanying papers being taken from the files of the bureau and carefully reviewed.

A tabulated statement submitted as a part of the report shows that at the beginning of the last fiscal year there were pending 189 appeals. During the year 3,108 appeals had been filed, making a total of 3,288 cases. Of this number 1,388 were considered and disposed of, leaving 1,900 appealed cases pending on July 1, 1889. On November 1, 1889, this number had been increased to 2,808.

Mr. Bussey recommends that the board of Pension Appeals be increased to six members.

Railroad Grants.

H. A. Taylor, the commissioner of railroads, has received from the assistant attorney general for the Interior department an opinion upon the question as to whether railroads receiving grants of lands from states, which grants have been made to the states by congress, to aid in the construction of railroads, are amenable to the laws creating the railroad bureau, and are required to make such reports to it as the commissioner may prescribe. The assistant attorney general holds that the railroads referred to must make such reports as the commissioner may require or be liable to the penalties prescribed for neglect or refusal so to do. The commissioner will demand of the companies concerned full reports of their physical and financial condition.

New Navy Yard.

The committee appointed by Secretary Whitney last January, pursuant to an act of Congress, "to report as to the most desirable location on or near the coast of the Gulf of Mexico and the South Atlantic coast for navy yards and dry docks," has selected a site situated opposite the lower end of New Orleans at Algiers, which embraces a government reservation 334 front on the river by 2,880 feet deep. Additional ground would have to be purchased, but this, the commission says, can be secured at reasonable price.

The New Congressmen.

Representatives-elect from the four new states, with the exception of Congressman Gifford, of South Dakota, who is ill, at a meeting on Nov. 20, decided to act as a unit on all measures affecting their interests. They will favor increased coinage of silver, liberal appropriations for river and harbor improvements and irrigation, taxation of lead ore importations and protection of farming interests, including sheep raising.

Must Not Solicit.

Gen. Raum's son takes the place of Hamilton Reeve, of Brooklyn, who is made superintendent of the Pension building in place of Capt. Filler, transferred to a clerical position. Gen. Raum has issued an order for his two hundred subordinates from taking a stand near the pay office on the 1st and 15th of each month, and soliciting contributions.

Goodloe's Successor.

The President has appointed Thos. Clay McDowell, of Kentucky, to be collector of internal revenue for the Seventh district of Kentucky vice William Cassius Goodloe, deceased. Mr. McDowell is the son-in-law of Mrs. Goodloe.

Free Delivery.

Postmaster-general Wanamaker has directed that the free delivery system be established on January 1, 1889 at Jefferson City, Mo.; Green Bay, Wis.; Washington, Pa.; Iona, Mich.; Santa Rosa, Cal.; and Creston, Iowa.

Out of the Navy.

The Quinnebaug and Juniata, which have been condemned by a board of survey, were on Nov. 20 stricken from the list of vessels of the navy. They will be advertised and sold.

Stanley Matthews's Successor.

The impression prevails that the President will appoint Stanley Matthews's successor during the first week of Congress.

Buying Gas Lands.

The Chicago Gas trust has in the last few days obtained absolute control of 40,000 acres of gas lands in Indiana, and President Billings is satisfied that inside of a year that city will be supplied with natural gas.

FOREIGN.

FROM STANLEY.

He Tells the Story of His Wanderings in Africa.

Mr. Marston, of Sampson, Low & Co., London, has received a letter from Henry M. Stanley, dated South End Victoria Nyanza, September 3, from which the following extracts are taken:

The rebels of the Emin government relied on their craft and on the wiles of the heathen Chinee, and it is amusing now to look back and note how punishment has fallen on them. Was it Providence or was it luck? Let those who love to analyze such matters reflect on it. Traitors without camp and traitors within were watched and the most active conspirator was discovered, tried and hanged. The traitors without fell foul of one another and ruined themselves. If it is not luck, then it is surely Providence in answer to good men's prayers.

Far away, our own people, tempted by their extreme wretchedness and misery, sold our rifles and ammunition to our natural enemies, the Manyema, the slave traders' true friends, without the least grace, either of bodies or souls. What happy influence was it that restrained me from destroying all concerned in it? Each time I read the story of Nelson and Parke's sufferings I feel vexed at my forbearance, and yet again I feel thankful for a higher power than man's, which severely afflicted them with cold-blooded murders, by causing them to fall upon one another a few weeks after the rescue and relief of Nelson and Parke.

The memory of those days alternately hardens and unmans me. With the rescue of Emin Pasha, poor old Casati and those who preferred Egypt to fresh pork and the coarse plenty of the province near Nyanza, we returned, and while we were patiently waiting the doom of the rebels was consummated. Since that time of anxiety and unhappy outlook I have been at the point of death from a dreadful illness. The strain has been too much and for twenty-eight days I lay helpless, tended by the kindly and skilful hands of Surgeon Parkes. Then little by little I gathered strength and finally gave orders for the march for home.

Discovery after discovery in this wonderful region was made—the snowy ranges of Runyenzori, the Cloud King or rain creator, the Semliki river, the Albert Edward Nyanza, the plains of Noongora, the salt lakes of Kative, the new people of the Wakonjo or Great mountains, the valleys of the rich forest region, the Awamba, the fine featured Wasonvora, the Wanyora bandits, and then Lake Albert Edward, the tribes and sheep raisers of the uplands, then Warnchokori, besides the Wanyaruwamba and Wazinja, until at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement and we knew we had reached the outskirts of blessed civilization.

Mr. MacKinnon, the chairman of the Emin relief committee, has also received a letter from Stanley. It is dated August 5, and was written at Kafurro, an Arab settlement on the Karagwe. It begins: "My last report was sent off by Salim Ben Mohammed in the early part of September, 1888. Over a year, full of stirring events, has taken place since then. I will endeavor to inform you what has occurred."

Stanley goes on to recount the arrangement made by him to meet Emin, and, after describing how he hunted up the missing rear column, continues:

I have already told you that the rear column was in a deplorable state; that out of the 192 members remaining, 130 (whether 50 would live to reach the lake; but having collected a large number of canoes, the goods and sick men were transported in these vessels in such a smooth and expeditious manner that there was remarkably few casualties in the remnant of the rear column. But wild natives having repeatedly defeated the Ugarrawas raiders, and by this discovered the extent of their own strength, gave considerable trouble and inflicted considerable loss among those people who had always to bear the brunt of the fighting and the fatigue of paddling.

However, we had no reason to be dissatisfied with the time we had made. When progress by river became too tedious and difficult an order to cast off canoes was given. This was four days' journey above the Ugarrawwas station, or about 300 miles above Banalaya. We decided that as the central bank of the Aruwimi was pretty well known to us it would be best to try the north bank, although we should have to traverse for some days the despoiled lands which had become common property to the Ugarrawwas and Mwanga's bands in reality. We were about 100 miles from Grassland, which opened up a prospect of future feasts of beef, veal and mutton, and a pleasing variety of vegetables as well as oil and butter for cooking.

The Expedition Starving.

On October 29, having cast off the canoes, the land march began in earnest, and we, two days later, discovered a large plantain plantation in charge of Dwaris. The people flung themselves on the plantains to make as large provision as possible for the dreaded wilderness ahead. The most enterprising always secured a fair share and twelve hours later would be furnished with a week's provision of plantain flour. The feeble and indolent revelled for the time being on any quantity of roasted fruit, but always neglected providing for the future and thus became victims to famine after moving from this place.

Ten days passed before we reached another plantation, during which we lost more men than we had lost between Banalya and Ugarrowwas. Small pox broke out among the Manyema, and the mortality was terrible. Our Zanzibaris escaped the pest, however, owing to the vaccination they had undergone on board the Madura. We were now about four days' march above the confluence of the Ihuru and Ituri rivers, and within about a half day of Ishuru. As there was no possibility of crossing this violent tributary of the Ituri or Aruwimi, we had to follow its right bank until a crossing could be discovered. Four days later we stumbled across the principal village of the district, called Andikumu.

There, our people, after severe starvation during fourteen days, forged themselves to wholesome excess, that is, unlimited quantities on our numbers. Every twentieth individual suffered from some complaint which entirely incapacitated him for duty.

On December 23 the expedition continued the march eastward, and we had now to work by relays, owing to the 50 extra loads, we did not reach the Ituri ferry, which was our last camp in the forest region before emerging on Grass Land, until January 6. You can but imagine the intense delight I felt while reading the letters in giving you extracts from them in Jephson's own words, telling of how they had been taken captives. The natives had been imbued with the idea that Emin Pasha, Jephson and Stanley were adventurers and would eventually sell them into slavery, hence they rose and captured Emin and Jephson.

BRAZIL.

What Deodoro Fonseca Says to The People of Brazil.

The manifesto of the Republican government of Brazil is as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—The people, the army and navy and the providence have now decreed the fall of the imperial dynasty and the suppression of the monarchical system. This patriotic revolution has been followed by the formation of a provisional government whose mission is to guarantee order, liberty and the rights of the citizen.

The formation of this government, until a definite government has been named, has been made with full regard to the most competent material. The government is simply composed of temporary agents, who will govern and maintain peace, liberty, fraternity and order. The attributes and extraordinary faculties invested are for the defence and integrity of the country and the preservation of public order. The provisional government promises to use all means in its power to guarantee security of life and property to all the inhabitants of Brazil, native and foreign, and respect for individual political opinions, excepting the exigent modifications necessary for the good of the country.

The army will maintain, the ordinary functions of the department of justice, the civil and military administrations, will continue under their existing organizations, and respect for those holding positions will be maintained. The senate and state council are abolished and the chamber of deputies is dissolved. The provisional government recognizes and acknowledges all national compromises under the late government, and all agreements with foreign powers. The public debt, internal and external, will be respected; also all existing contracts and obligations legally made.

DEODORO DA FONSECA,
Chief of the Provisional Government.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

The Government of the United States of Brazil Has Issued the Decree.

The provisional government has issued a decree establishing universal suffrage throughout the republic for all who can read and write.

Gone to Brazil.

A meeting of the French cabinet was held on Nov. 21. M. Barbey, minister of Marine, announced that the corvette Sane had been dispatched to Brazil to protect the interests of French residents.

TO LIVE IN FRANCE.

Dom Pedro Swayed by his Son-in-Law—Brazilian Gossip.

It was learned that the deposed Emperor DomPedro and his family, who are now on the ocean, will make their home in Toulon, France. It was first supposed that he would go direct to Lisbon, but private advices received here are to the effect that he will spend the winter at least in Toulon, varied by occasional visits to Nice.

Rebellion in Hayti.

The steamer Prince Frederick, from Port au Prince, November 20, arrived at New York on November 26 and brought news of an uprising in Hayti against Hippolyte. It is reported that there are 5,000 men armed engaged in the movement.

Lew Wallace's Invention.

General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," is in Springfield, O., and has turned his versatile mind to mechanics. He has invented a steel railroad cross-tie which, if it is as successful as the inventor claims it will be, will revolutionize railroad construction.

GENERAL NEWS.

PENDLETON IS DEAD.

The Ex-Minister to Germany Has Joined the Silent Majority.

George H. Pendleton died at Brussels on November 24. The department of State was advised of the death of ex-Minister Pendleton on the 25th, and Secretary Blaine has sent a telegram of condolence to his family.

[George H. Pendleton, a son of Nathaniel Greene Pendleton, was born in Cincinnati, July 25, 1825. He received an academical education, studied law, was admitted to the bar and commenced his practice in the city of his birth. From 1854-5 he was a member of the Ohio senate, and was sent to the Thirty-fifth Congress as a Democrat, having defeated Taft. He was re-elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress over T. C. Day; to the Thirty-seventh over Spencer; to the Thirty-eighth over Groesbeck. He was the candidate of the Democratic party on the ticket headed by McClellan in 1864. In 1869 he was appointed president of the Kentucky Central railroad and was elected United States Senator to succeed Stanley Matthews. While in the Senate he formulated and had passed the civil service bill, now in force, which was one of the last acts signed by President Arthur. Senator Pendleton's term expired March 3, 1885, and President Cleveland appointed him minister to Germany. Mr. Pendleton has been ill much of the time since he went abroad, and his death announcement to-day does not create great surprise. His wife died on this side of the Atlantic while he was a resident in Berlin.]

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun's Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, Nov. 22, says: The Brazilian revolution has had surprisingly little influence in the markets as yet; coffee is only an eight higher for the week, and the new government appears to be so generally sustained, apprehension of closing of ports or interruption of trade has almost ceased. But it is possible that the money markets were indirectly affected to some extent through Europe, where the uncertainty as to the course of the rich forest region, the Awamba, the fine featured Wasonvora, the Wanyora bandits, and then Lake Albert Edward, the tribes and sheep raisers of the uplands, then Warnchokori, besides the Wanyaruwamba and Wazinja, until at last we came to a church, whose cross dominated a Christian settlement and we knew we had reached the outskirts of, blessed civilization. The great industries are making steady progress. Though the sale of steel rails at $35, reported last week, was of small quantity and to a speculator, yet the market is undeniably strong, and most forms of manufactured iron and steel fully maintain previous quotations.

The cotton manufacture has been doing a steady business with firm prices, and as to its prosperity evidence is afforded by dividends averaging 9.73 per cent yearly on thirty-three Fall River mills.

The woolen goods business does not appear at Boston to be improving to any great extent, and it is now definitely settled that no advance over last year's prices will be attempted, but there has been more activity in the wool market here, at Philadelphia and at Boston, sales at Boston reaching 3,000,000 pounds, though at concessions still on transactions of magnitude.

Wheat has risen ⅝ with sales at 25,000,-000, bushels here, and corn only ½c. with sales of 5,500,000 bu. Oats rose ½c, and pork products are higher. The general movement upward, however, is not very clear, the advance since Nov. 1 having averaged about 1¼ per cent on all commodities. Bar silver has risen to 44¼ per ounce in part, perhaps, because of the report that the administration will propose issues of certificates against bullion at market value in any amount that may be deposited.

At Chicago, the dressed beef receipts are double those of last year, and of provisions more than double, while the dry goods trade still quotes satisfactory results, with payments easy in the country.

The Minneapolis wheat market is very active, and the lumber cut is put at 275,-000,030 feet; trade is satisfactory there and at St. Paul, with improving collections. Business is fair at Kansas City, especially in the holiday goods.

The business failures number 277, as compared with 265 last week, and 267 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 296.

COAL DEAL.

A Wealthy Syndicate After the Monongahela Mines.

A syndicate of capitalists, headed by Col. W. H. Sims, of New York City, will purchase the mines, steamboats, etc., of the Monongahela Valley coal operators who supply Cincinnati and the river trade. The details will be arranged between now and December 15, the limit fixed for the expiration of the option. All the operators of any prominence, it is said, have expressed a willingness to enter the new deal and become stockholders of the big combination. The capitalization of the latter is a matter for future consideration.

It is alleged in this connection that the operators, being aware that the scheme was to be carried out, are in no haste to come to an understanding with the striking miners. Each prefers to wait until the combination scheme goes into effect. Then, it is thought, there will be no difficulty in coming to a settlement with the men on one common basis of wages. The magnitude of the trust may be judged from the following: There are 123 mines, employing nearly 18,000 men; 4,300 river steamers, barges, etc., are used in transporting the coal, and 3,500 men operate these vessels. About $20,000,000 is invested.

REDUCTION OF HOURS.

Resolutions Adopted by the Knights of Labor.

The convention of the Knights of Labor at Atlanta, Ga., on the 20th considered the eight hour a day movement. The committee on the state of the order made its report on the question and it was decided not to enforce any general strike. The matter has been generally discussed by the different assemblies, and communications from all over the country have been received regarding it.

Mr. Samuel Gomper, president of the American federation of labor, forwarded a letter to the convention, in which he said that all men were opposed to a general strike but would undertake one unless the manufacturers agreed to the reduction of labor hours. The committee besides its report submitted the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That we coincide with the last expressed views of the president of the American federation of Labor, expressing, as they do, the sentiments of that organization that no "general strike" should be inaugurated upon May 1, 1890, and that the movement should be confined to such trades as "are in condition" to put the plan in operation on May 1, 1890.

Resolved, That we call upon the president of the American federation of labor to indicate the trade or trades organized within the folds of that society which is or are prepared to successfully inaugurate the eight hour movement on May 1, 1890, confident that the Knights of Labor will lend their moral support to the movement in favor of such trade or trades.

Wages Going Up.

Notices have been posted in all the mills of the Glasgow Iron company, near Pottstown, Pa., announcing an increase in the wages of puddlers of 25 cents a ton. The men have been getting $3 50.

Washington Senators.

By common consent one of the United States Senators to be elected is awarded to the east, and one to the west division of the state of Washington. On the ballot in the legislature on Nov. 20 for the east side senator, the vote in the house stood:

John B. Allen, 46; George Turner, 14; T. H. Brents, 1; Charles H. Voorhees, 8. In the senate the vote stood, Allen, 26; Turner, 6.

Gold in Michigan.

A lot of about 200 pounds of quartz, carrying gold at the rate of about $50,-000 a ton, was taken from the main shaft of the Michigan gold mine at Ishpeming, Mich., Nov. 22. Assays of three samples of quartz from the Michigan give $21,630 71, $31,532 92 and $110,958 per ton respectively. The latter is the richest gold-bearing rock ever taken from an American mine.

Floods Down East.

Heavy rains on Nov. 19 and 20 caused many streams in New York Pennsylvania and New Jersey to overflow their banks, and a number of towns sustained considerable damage from the floods.

SWORN TO BY SAINTS.

Awful Oaths Taken by the Members of the Mormon Church.

On November 22, in the investigation in regard to the spirit of the Mormon church towards the government and as to the oaths taken by the Mormons in the Endowment house for the purpose of determining whether the membership in that church is incompatible with citizenship, at Salt Lake City, George Q. Cannon, a noted Mormon leader, was called by the prosecution and identified a circular sent out by himself and John Taylor in May, 1885, which stated that the rights of Mormon people were being assailed, and all saints in this and adjoining territories were urged to contribute to the defense fund to be used in defending Mormons charged with violating the Edmunds law, and in providing for the families of those who had been forced to flee. Mrs Gilmore testified she went through the Endowment house 17 years ago with a number of others and was called upon to swear that she would avenge the blood of Joseph and Hiram Smith upon the American nation and teach it to her children and children's children down to the fourth generation.

Anyone who violated the oaths taken or revealed the secrets of the house would be killed.

Henry W. Lawrence, the president of the chamber of commerce and one of the most prominent business men in the territory, testified that he became a member in the Endowment house at Nauvoo, Utah 38 years ago, officiated in the Endowment house in this city for several years and was excommunicated in 1869 for having the spirit of apostacy, which was shown by the fact that he questioned the right of the priesthood to dictate in temporal affairs. In the Endowment house ritual persons going through always took the following oath:

You, each and all of you, agree to avenge the blood of the prophets Joseph and Hiram, who have sealed their testimony with their blood, and that you will teach this to your children and children's children to the third and fourth generations. This you do in the presence of God and the ministering angels.

The witness said there was another covenant to obey the priesthood in all things, and the penalty of death was attached to the violation of the covenants and for revealing the secrets of the house. In the time of Brigham Young the priesthood was supreme and he controlled the people in all things. The church was in opposition to the government and the feeling of the people being alienated more and more.

The witness and a few others started a magazine to disseminate more advanced ideas. They were tried before the council of priests, and George Cannon acted as prosecutor, and they were excommunicated. Ell B. Kelsey voted against the proposition and for that he was himself at once excommunicated upon the motion of Brigham Young.

The witness said he had studied the character of the church and it was claimed to be the literal kingdom of God to which the jurisdiction was extended in all things and which was expected to control the whole earth in time, and then Christ was to come in person and take charge. The witness was a merchant doing a business of $15,000 to $20,000 a month when excommunicated, and as soon as it became known that he had been cut off, all trade with him ceased and he was socially ostracised by men who had been intimate with him from childhood. Mr. Lawrence was cross-examined by the church attorneys, but they failed to shake his testimony on any point.

CHEROKEE LANDS.

Secretary Noble Means Business—Cattle Men Will Go.

The intimation in Secretary Noble's recent letter that the present occupants of the Cherokee outlet, the Cherokee Live Stock association, would be removed by force next spring if they did not vacate voluntarily, is looked upon now by the cattle men of the Southwest with more seriousness than they were inclined to regard it when the letter was first published.

They are beginning to think that the secretary of the Interior means business, and they are quietly submitting to his order. They anticipated that the sudden marketing of the enormous numbers of cattle from the outlet would depress the market away below any profit now being had, and to prevent this they have decided to place their stock upon the market gradually.

A member of the Cherokee Live Stock association admits that such is the case. Large numbers of the cattle are being sold to the Kansas and Missouri feeders, and about 3,000 head per day are being placed in Kansas City, and a like number in both Chicago and St. Louis. By this means the association expects to have disposed of the great bulk of its stock at better prices than at forced sale when the secretary's order goes into effect.

A Public Duty.

The Guthrie, Oklahoma, *News* published on November 26 a private letter from Secretary Noble, in which he says he considers his course towards the cattle men in the strip a public duty, and that he hopes the present Cherokee commission will be successful in its negotiations.

NO MAN'S LAND.

A Suit Which Promises to be of Much Importance.

The twenty-seven Stevens county men who composed the mob which a year ago murdered the sheriff of Stevens county in No Man's Land during the Woodsdale-Hugoton county-seat war, were arraigned before Judge Foster of the United States District court, at Topeka, on Nov. 20.

United States Attorney Addey made application for their removal to the United States court for the eastern district of Texas, indictments having been returned against them by the grand jury there. Attorneys for the defense resisted the application on the ground that the Texas court had no jurisdiction over No Man's Land.

The defense argued that that territory was under the jurisdiction of no court. This question is an extraordinarily important one inasmuch as it effects the title of the United States to No Man's Land, and and the validity of several Indian treaties made many years ago.

MAY BAR THEM OUT.

A Party Must Poll Three Per Cent of the Vote or Go Out of Business.

Unless the law providing for the holding of elections in Missouri, is changed before the next election, the Prohibition party will be unable to place a ticket in the field at that time. The law, as passed by the last legislature, and which supplements the Australian system, provides that no political party that did not, at the last election, poll 3 per cent of the entire vote cast, can place a ticket in the field.

At the last election about 500,000 votes were cast, of which the Prohibitionists cast only 5,000. It is doubtful if the Union Labor party will be able to place a ticket in the field at the next election under this law, for, at the last election, that party polled, in most instances, but one or two hundred votes over the three per cent required.

Republicans in Alaska Meet and Make Demands.

The first Republican convention ever held in Alaska convened in Juneau, November 5. Delegates were present from all parts of the territory, except from westward and the Yukon river country. A memorial to Congress was passed, asking that the territory be allowed a delegate to Congress; that homestead laws be extended to Alaska in modified form; that the laws relating to the cutting of timber be so modified as to permit its being used by canners for packing fish and for furniture and other articles actually manufactured in the territory, and for the creation of a commission for the purpose of submitting to Congress a code of laws for the territory.

Buying Cheese Factories.

It is reported that during the past two months options have been secured on all the cheese factories in Western New York by the agents of a monster cheese syndicate believed to be mainly composed of English capitalists. It is said the options cover all the combination factories. The general opinion is that the scheme will not work, that dairymen will not support it, and as the tendency was to withdraw from cheese production, a syndicate would hasten it.

Must Irrigate.

Judge J. W. Gregory, of Garden City, Kansas, was in consultation with Governor Humphrey, on Nov. 22, for the purpose of agreeing upon a plan for bringing the subject of irrigation in Western Kansas before the next congress. It has been demonstrated that the rain fall in that section is inadequate, and without relief by irrigation, agriculture cannot be a success.

NORTHERN POLITICS.

Montana's Double Legislature and Why it Was Formed.

The cause of the double legislature in Montana was Governor Toole's proclamation that nobody would be admitted to participate in the house organization or recognized as having rights as members except those holding certificates of election from county clerks. It was stated that the new constitution in force since October 1 expressly provides that the returns for all state officers, including members of the legislature, shall be canvassed by the same board created by the enabling act to canvass returns of the vote on the constitution.

The chairman of the caucus added that the Republicans stand unanimously on the proposition that such only as were found and declared to be members by the state canvassers are prima facie entitled to seats, and that all power to determine the further rights of any member of either house resides only in the separate houses, at no time or in any degree in the governor.

Without notice from the governor that he had secured rooms for the members of the respective houses, he, by proclamation, ordered the members to meet in certain designated places that until the last moment before the hour appointed were locked and guarded against the admission of all persons, with no prospect or promise but that such places would continue to be under the governor's personal control.

Rather than submit to such inquisitorial power and restrictions, the Republicans, with the officer designated by law to call the House to order, proceeded to organize elsewhere.

As the Senate contains an equal number of Democrats and Republicans, and there could be no contest of the right of the Lieutenant governor to preside over the organization, the Democratic members in a body remained away, and thus prevented organization. This state of affairs still exists.

North Dakota's New Senator.

Lyman R. Casey was elected United States Senator on November 25th. The vote at the end of the roll-call stood 42 for Casey and 32 for Johnson, with the other votes scattering among candidates. Before the vote was announced votes were changed to Casey until he had 53.

Twenty-six remained steadfast to Johnson, refusing to change. The building fairly shook with applause when the vote was announced. Casey was escorted to the hall and accepted the election in a neat speech. There is great rejoicing among the people now in the city over the election, as the successful man is popular with all classes. He is a brother of T. B. Casey, the well-known Minneapolis banker.

POWDERLY TALKS.

What He Thinks of the Proposed Amalgamation.

General Master Workman T. V. Powderly, in an interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia *Record*, on the 29th, expressed his views on the proposed amalgamation of the Knights of Labor and the Farmers' Alliance. Mr. Powderly stated that, in his opinion, some form of consolidation between the two great bodies would be accomplished at an early date. Said he:

We are for the amalgamation, body and soul. On December 3, two of the executive board will meet a committee from the Farmers' Alliance, at St. Louis, where they will thoroughly discuss the feasibility of the problem. By an amalgamation or federation, the Knights and the Farmers' Alliance will have about 3,000,000 votes, an army so vast that politicians will not dare spurn it. Now over one year we have been receiving letters from prominent men in the Farmers' Alliance, asking us to consider the practicability of an amalgamation.

The officers of the Knights of Labor will readily throw up their offices and be subsidiary workers in the amalgamation. No sensible man can disparage the magnitude and importance of such a step. It might mean that the two organizations, when combined, will wield such a political power as to control the Presidential chair. There are in round numbers 500,000 men in the ranks of the Knights of Labor, and the Farmers' Alliance, which is merely in its infancy, has over 2,000,000 members.

I think that if an amalgamation is brought about, the American federation, with its half million of the brotherhood of locomotive engineers, with its many thousands and other great labor bodies will want to be merged. It will probably mean the birth of a new political party which will have sufficient strength to control tariff and other legislation.

WAR ON TRUSTS.

Missouri Makes a Move in the Right Direction.

Secretary of State Lesuer, of Missouri, was asked on November 26, concerning the list of corporations whose charters have been revoked for non-compliance with the anti-trust law. He said:

The report that the list contains only the names of defunct corporations is not correct. At a rough estimate, I think fully one-half are alive. I do not think that any one will say that the Simmons Hardware company, Sickles Saddlery company and Citizens' cable railway, all of St. Louis, are dead. My information is that they are alive.